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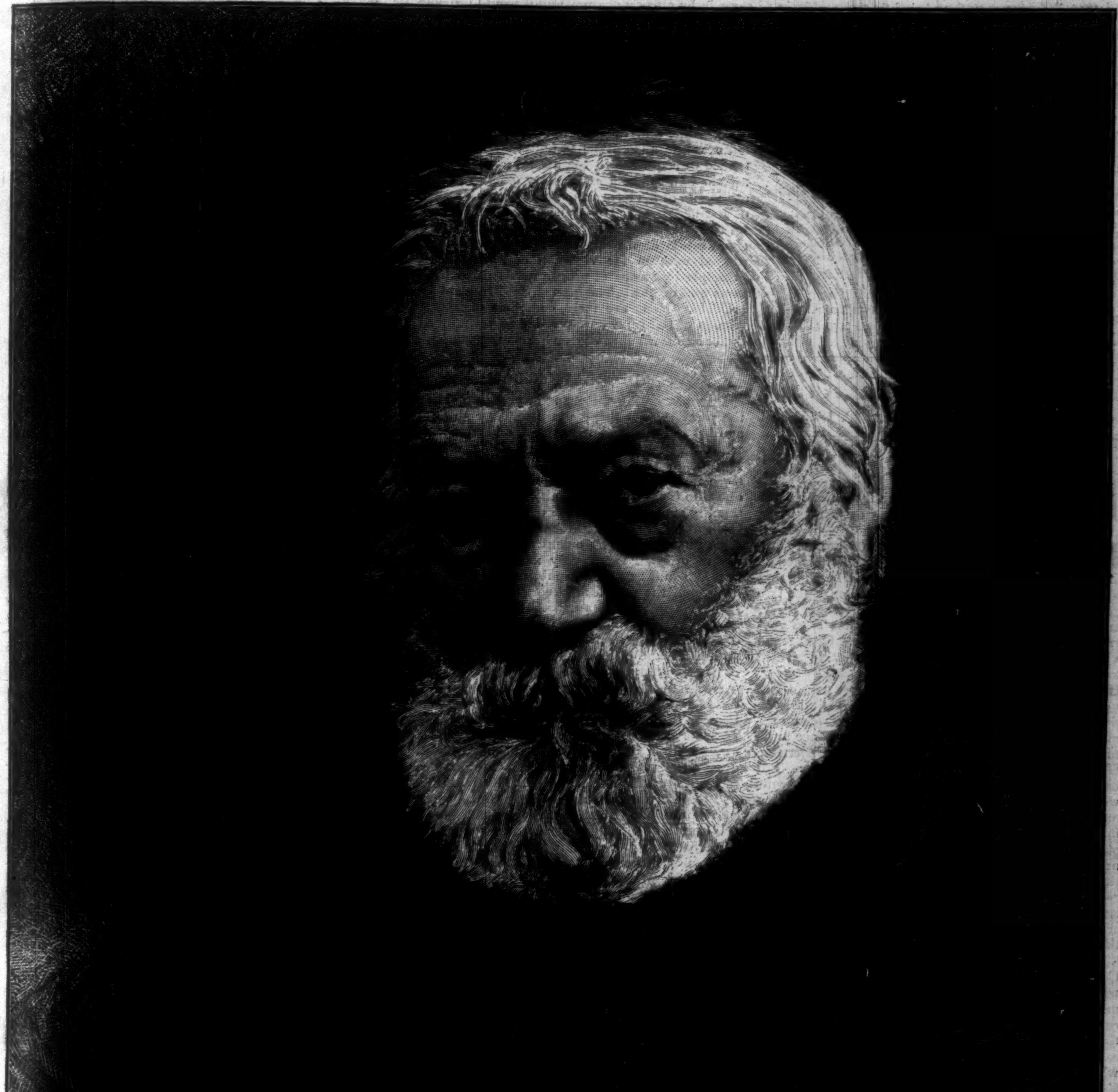

VICTOR HUGO.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FRIENDS OF REFORM.

THE relation of the friends of civil service reform to the administration is perfectly evident. They look upon the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND as they looked upon that of Mr. ARTHUR, warmly approving those of its actions which are conformed to the principles of reform, and as plainly criticising and condemning those which are not. Neither of the two great parties, as such, is a civil service reform party, and the conduct of no administration has been governed consistently by its spirit. General GRANT had a sincere desire to promote the reform, but he yielded to the hostility of the active Republican leaders. Mr. HAYES firmly established it at a very few points, and his services will be remembered. But his administration is certainly not to be described as a reform administration in the sense of uniform adherence to reform principles. The same is true of Mr. ARTHUR. He enforced faithfully the law within its range. But beyond its range, while many excellent appointments were made, the spirit of the reform was not paramount. The administration of Mr. CLEVELAND thus far, notwithstanding HIGGINS and PILLSBURY and others, whose appointments, like similar selections under Republican administrations, are wholly unjustifiable by any reform principle, has yet shown more regard for those principles than any previous administration. Its conduct is not consistent, but those who are sincerely interested in reform do not denounce the President as wholly false to it and treacherous to his declarations because of HIGGINS, PILLSBURY, & Co., as they did not denounce President ARTHUR as wholly recreant to reform because he made appointments totally at variance with reform principles, or because he did not re-appoint some of the best officers in the service at the expiration of their terms.

They understood then, as they understand now, that when a reform is not a party principle, and when it is treated as a counter in the general game of politics, as both parties treat the temperance movement, its progress will be uncertain and irregular and inconsistent. The selection of Mr. MANNING and Mr. WHITNEY as members of the Cabinet is held by many newspapers to be conclusive proof of the treachery of the President toward reform. But they no more prove his treachery than the appointment of Messrs. HATTON and CHANDLER proved that of Mr. ARTHUR. Mr. HATTON and Mr. CHANDLER were in no sense reformers. But they deferred to the President's purpose of respecting the letter of the reform law, and it is to be assumed that their successors will heed any requirement of the President in regard to the general policy of appointments. The President can not, of course, undertake to do all the work of the Secretaries. He must necessarily leave to them the details of the management of their departments, including in general the appointment of subordinates. But he can require that in such matters their official action shall be conformed to his policy. If the President should wish that honest and efficient and experienced subordinates of all degrees should be retained, he would insist that that course shall be the course pursued in every department. It is in that sense that he is responsible for the administration.

A general change in the civil service, for partisan reasons, both upon the expiration of terms and in the places held at will, is, of course, incompatible with the principles of reform. Those principles require, as in the case of Mr. PEARSON, the re-appointment of every officer who is honest, efficient, and satisfactory. This we said plainly when Mr. PEARSON was re-appointed, and so did every intelligent friend of reform. But if President CLEVELAND should leave every such officer to serve out his term, and should then replace him with a Democrat, although it would not be reform, it would be more than any President has yet done when he came in by a party change, and it would promote the interests of reform by making every intelligent man in the country ask what is gained for the public service by substituting an inexperienced for an experienced officer of equal character and qualification. So far as we have observed, the friends of reform have treated the administration with entire candor. They were the strongest protesters against the appointment of HIGGINS, and the improper New England internal revenue appointments, and they have not pretended to acquiesce in the absurd doctrine that it is reform to displace a satisfactory officer of one party at the end of his term in order to appoint a successor of another party. It may be urged, indeed, and justly, that the interests of reform itself require a fair equalization of the service. But this can be accomplished without the violation of any fundamental principle by means of proper removals and resignations and deaths. The task of the President is most arduous. None are more conscious of it than the friends of reform, who have had as yet no reason to doubt either his sincerity or his courage.

DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION DAY returns this year to find in power the party many of whose members twenty-five years ago led the secession movement, and many more of whom, theoretically and sympathetically, sustained it. More than that, it finds in the President's cabinet some members who fought on one side, and at least one who fought upon the other, with colleagues who steadily sustained the cause of the Union, and all of them ministers of a President who was thoroughly a Union man. That President was elected only by the aid of original antislavery men, and LINCOLN and SEWARD and SUMNER Republicans. If any American, upon the return of Decoration Day, thinks that liberty is in greater peril, that republican government has been mortally wounded, that the public conscience is less sensitive, and that the standard of public life and character has been lowered, he seems to us profoundly mistaken.

Decoration Day returns to find the issues which are called war issues settled, but without any misapprehension of the fact that convictions and purposes and passions are not discarded and do not perish in a day or a year. It returns to find parties not divided upon great questions of public policy nor harmonious within themselves, but adhering by the force of traditions, and therefore bent upon party organization, not upon party principle. It finds a very much greater number of intelligent and conscientious citizens more politically independent than at any time during fifty years, not, indeed, without traditional party sympathies and leanings, but without that servility and surrender of good sense and reason which is the master evil of the party spirit against which WASHINGTON warned his countrymen. It therefore finds the country in a most hopeful political condition, because the recent general election, in showing how nearly equal is the popular vote, has revealed the power of what was called at the birth of the Republican party the conscience vote. Each party is conscious that in such a situation the mere party cry will not suffice for success, because the party cry does not mean, as it did twenty-five or twenty years ago, on the one side, State rights and the spirit and consequence of the DRED SCOTT decision, and, on the other side, absolute restriction of slavery. The peremptory and indisputable party purpose does not justify disregard of the candidate who represents it, because that purpose does not clearly exist.

The consequence is that the party character and purpose will be inferred from the character of the candidate, and the character of candidates was never more important to the parties than it will be this year. That is one of the good signs which Decoration Day returns to see. It is something, also, that it finds that we are not fallen, as was alleged, into a chronic revolutionary condition, and that the election of a candidate whom the majority of voters preferred does not involve the undoing of all that was gained in the war, the practical restoration of slavery, or compensation for slaves, or the pensioning of Confederate soldiers and sailors, or the payment of endless rebel claims. Decoration Day returns, indeed, to find Democratic Bourbons and Republican Bourbons, but also Republicans and Democrats who require for their constant allegiance to party something more than a name.

ARE THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS SAFE?

IT is unfortunate that the bills recommended by the report upon the Adirondack forests were not passed by the Legislature. The report showed a thorough comprehension of the requirements of the situation, and the bills were carefully drawn to provide an adequate system of legislation. But the occult opposition to the scheme of preserving the forests and regulating the wood-cutting which has hitherto prevented such legislation was strong enough to defeat the bills founded upon the report. At the last moment, however, a bill was prepared aiming more imperfectly at the same general results, and by the sagacity and skill of Mr. HUSTED, whose parliamentary address in a good cause is of the highest value, the bill became a law. It authorized the appointment by the Governor of a Forestry Commission of three members to supervise the operation of the law, and the Governor appointed Mr. WILLIS D. JAMES, Mr. WILLIAM DOWD, and Mr. BASSELIN.

The two gentlemen first named are eminent and public-spirited citizens of New York, whose character commands public confidence. But they are both residents of the city, and so closely occupied with public and private duties that they could not devote to the forestry work the time and attention which are indispensable. The active work of the Commission, therefore, would fall upon Mr. BASSELIN, whose name is not widely known; and to the natural inquiry, Who is Mr. BASSELIN? the *Evening Post* answers that he is the principal agent of the lobby at Albany which has steadily opposed and defeated the forestry legislation. This is not a very promising revelation for the prospect of a vigorous enforcement of the act in its spirit and purpose, and it suggests inquiry into the nature of the advice upon which the Governor acted in selecting the Commissioners.

If there is any subject upon which there is practical unanimity of opinion among the intelligent citizens of New York, it is that the Adirondack forests should be preserved from destruction. That preservation and regulation are one of the great public interests of the State. Indeed, the expression of this opinion has been so general and so emphatic that, despite the power of the lobby, the Legislature did not dare to leave the ruin of the forests unchecked, and so passed the bill. A Governor who sympathized with that opinion, and who justly comprehended the vast importance of such subjects—a Governor like DE WITT CLINTON, for instance—would have named a commission of friends of the project, who should be able to give its execution careful personal attention. It has no better friend, indeed, than Mr. WILLIS JAMES, but he is not so situated that he can personally supervise the work, and Mr. DOWD is a Commissioner of the New York Aqueduct. Under these circumstances the friends of the project can not wisely relax the utmost vigilance.

AN OLD TRICK.

THE report that applications are being made at the Treasury Department for the transfer of government deposits from various Republican banks throughout the country to institutions whose officers are Democratic carries us back to the year 1799, in New York, and the anti-Federal leadership of AARON BURR in the Legislature. It was a time when party spirit was fiercer than it is now, and when a man could not be licensed even as an auctioneer unless his politics was satisfactory to the party in power. The report about the banks to which we allude recalls the trick by which AARON BURR outwitted the Federal majority in the Legislature, and obtained the charter of the Manhattan Bank.

At that time in the city of New York there was a branch bank of the United States and one other bank controlled by Federalists, and, as was alleged, greatly to the advantage of the Federal cause by its discount accommodations exclusively to Federal merchants. The anti-Federalists wanted a bank, and, despite the Federal majority, AARON BURR secured the charter. It was just after the great plague of the yellow fever in the city, when the need of a better water supply was imperative. BURR asked for a charter for the Manhattan Company, organized to supply the city with good water. It was uncertain, he said, how much capital would be required, but to avoid all risk of failure, he named the sum of two millions of dollars. As this possibly would be too much, however, he proposed to insert a clause that the surplus capital might be employed in any way not inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States or of the State of New York. The bill readily passed both Houses, and when it became a law the Manhattan Bank appeared, and has done ever since a most prosperous business, but the Manhattan Company has contented itself with a formal fulfillment of the charter.

It was a smart trick, and the anti-Federalists secured their bank; but public sentiment was sound, and resented the duplicity, and BURR lost his re-election. In that day in New York, where the spoils system began, it thus extended to private business. Such extension, however, was logical. There is just as much reason that non-political private business should be treated as the spoils of a party majority as that the non-political public business should be so treated. If it is according to sound business principles to appoint Mr. PILLSBURY to be a Collector of Internal Revenue because he is a Democrat, it is in strict accord with such principles to take the money which he collects from the keeping of institutions whose officers are Republican, and give it to institutions officered by Democrats. The result of such a proceeding would be that the public money collected from persons of all parties would be used to assist men of one party only; in other words, that the public money would be used to help a party. That is the great object of the spoils system. It is to enable a party which obtains control of the Executive government to maintain itself in power, not by popular approval of its principles, but by corruption.

THE RE-ELECTION OF SENATOR LOGAN.

The re-election of Senator Logan probably secures the Republican control of the Senate during the administration of Mr. Cleveland. In his speech of thanks to the Legislature the Senator said that he was proud to say that he and his Democratic opponent, Mr. Morrison, had been always friends, and that nothing in the contest had disturbed the good feeling which exists between them. The controversy, he said, had been perfectly fair, and it is a suggestive fact that the freedom of the election from bribery and corruption is mentioned by many journals as a matter of congratulation.

The election of Senator Logan is undoubtedly agreeable to the majority of voters in Illinois, where the Republican majority in the Presidential election was decisive. He is a man of high personal honor and honesty, and of long political experience. Until the war he was a very positive pro-slavery Democrat. But he served with distinction in the field, from which he came a General and a Republican. He has force of character rather than intellectual ability or accomplishment, and the praise which he receives is that due to a politician rather than a statesman. He is called a splendid leader in the sense of political management and party tactics, not of the control which springs from mental and moral ascendency, which is true leadership.

Senator Logan is a strong protectionist, as his opponent, Mr. Morrison, is a free-trader. But the contest was essentially a trial of mere party strength. Mr. Sittig, the Republican whose vote was decisive, was warmly opposed to Mr. Logan, but stated that he yielded to the wishes of his party friends, and voted for him. The struggle has been protracted through four months, and as there has been no serious division of feeling upon the Republican side, the contest and its result may be accepted as showing Senator Logan to be the real representative of the Republican party in Illinois.

THE REVISION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It is an interesting gallery of scholarly portraits which was published in Harper's Weekly of last week, portraits of the American and English company of Revisers of the Old Testament (which is just issued by the Harpers), and the article descriptive of the revision gave the fullest and most accurate account of the work. It is a work, indeed, of immense importance, of very much more importance than is always remembered.

The sacred religious Scriptures of the English-speaking Christian world are a translation from ancient languages, one of which was but imperfectly known in the early part of the seventeenth century, when the translation was made. It was never claimed that the translators were specially inspired. Yet how much belief of the most vital importance necessarily rested upon their ability and accuracy! Nevertheless the "authorized version" has been accepted as the veritable Word.

The object of the revisers has been not only to improve the translation, but to correct it. To undertake such a work was to take the risk of exposing the most serious errors, with all the consequences of such exposure. But the result has been that while probably greater felicity and accuracy of form have been secured, no serious change of substance has been made. The reader has the satisfaction of knowing that he has now a most valuable contribution toward "a full and clear development of the meaning of the sacred text."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NEXT.

The Philadelphia *American*, a Republican weekly journal which warmly supported Blaine, says of the Senatorial contest in New Hampshire between Senator Blair and Ex-Secretary Chandler:

> "Both are names of national renown, but in a very different way. Mr. Chandler stands for the tendencies which have done so much to wreck the Republican party. He has been identified, throughout his career, with "machine" methods in politics, and his natural inclination is to rely upon them for the hope of party success. The future of Republicans is not in that direction. There must be a broader standing-ground, or the party can never recover itself. No doubt Mr. Chandler has strength in New Hampshire, but the duty of that State to the country at this juncture is to choose a Senator who has shown by his course in the past a capability of higher action than that of the machine in politics."

This is undoubtedly the true view. The power of the Republican machine has been demonstrated. It is the best machine of the kind ever devised, and its power has been often proved. But it has been also proved that it is not all-powerful, and therefore it should not be the sole reliance. The Republicans of New Hampshire doubtless understand that the fortunes of the party will be seriously helped or hurt by the kind of Senator whom they elect. A party is necessarily judged, not by its professions, but by its actions, and one of its most important actions is the deliberate selection of a representative. A party thoroughly in earnest to resist the encroachments of slavery, for instance, will nominate only sincere antislavery candidates; if resolved upon protection, only men entirely sound upon that policy; if determined upon administration reform, only reformers; if bent upon official honesty and economy, only men beyond suspicion.

The Republican majority in the New Hampshire Legislature is wholly free to choose such a Senator as it prefers. Citizens of other States will look to the candidate to see what qualities are honored by New Hampshire Republicans, and whether the selection indicates fidelity to any principle or merely obedience to a machine. Indeed, the precise political situation is one in which party success depends mainly upon the personal character of candidates. The party mistakes of the national Administration have sprung from forgetfulness of that fact. If all its selections in every official grade had been men like Mr. Lothrop, Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Pearson, it would have done more to remove the profound distrust of the Democratic party than by any other course it could have pursued. And if the Republican party in New Hampshire and elsewhere should select men of similar character as its representatives, it would do more to "recover itself" than by any other course.

COMPLETING THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The trustees of the Saratoga Monument have selected the sculptors for the statues of Schuyler, Gates, and Morgan, and it is designed to celebrate the completion of the monument in the autumn of 1886. The work will be finished with the money now at the command of the trustees, and it will be a fitting and imposing memorial of the great event.

Besides the three statues which will adorn the exterior of the monument, the two lower chambers within will be decorated with Markham's allegorical bronze tablets, and the three upper chambers will be furnished with tile floors and terra-cotta friezes. There will be an iron staircase to the top of the monument, and bronze doors. The tablets are suggestive of the life of the time. They represent a farmer's kitchen, his wife spinning and his daughter moulding bullets, Lady Acland's journey to the American camp, with other incidents and suggestions.

The monument is of granite, one hundred and fifty-five feet high, standing upon the battle-field upon a bluff about three hundred feet above the river, from which it will be a striking and interesting object. The grounds are about four acres in extent, which are already simply and tastefully completed. The monument will cost about one hundred thousand dollars, to which Congress has properly contributed, since the surrender at Saratoga was one of the decisive events which led to the existence of Congress. It was not a local incident, in which New York alone was interested; it was a historic event which commanded the attention of the civilized world, and persuaded Europe that America would be independent. The neighborhood of the spot to Saratoga Springs, and the tranquil beauty of the scenery, will bring every year a throng of visitors, and New York may rejoice that at length its most illustrious Revolutionary event is fitly commemorated.

GOOD READING.

Amid the passionate heat of political discussion and party recrimination the good work of intelligent charity and penal reform goes happily forward. That charity can not be left safely to sentimental and ignorant impulse, nor the punishment of crime to mere vindictive feeling, is a conclusion which marks significant progress. Organized charity, which to most persons a very few years since seemed to be a contradiction in terms, is now seen to be the application of common-sense to one of the most permanent and important of human relations.

The extent and interest of the subject, and the ability with which it is treated, can be better apprehended, probably, from a study of the volume of papers read at the Eleventh National Conference of Charities and Corrections, held last autumn at St. Louis, which is just issued by Mr. George H. Ellis, in Boston. The range of topics discussed includes the best methods of caring for the insane, the idiotic, the deaf, and the blind; pauperism, and the best methods of public and private relief; every aspect of the prison question; the care of neglected, exposed, and abandoned children; the organization of charity in cities; pauper emigration; the statistics of crime and misfortune; and the history of charitable enterprises in the several States.

The volume includes also the oral discussions by experts at the conference, and the papers are written by the most competent authorities. To those who are not familiar with these subjects they are full of novelty and interest and suggestion. They open new spheres of beneficent activity to those who in comfort and ease desire some worthy occupation, and they supply a pleasant moral tonic by showing that in the midst of the incessant and desperately selfish struggle for existence there is yet so much unselfish thought and study and labor devoted to the relief of every form of suffering, and to making the world really better by stimulating a deeper and wiser sympathy with those who suffer.

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN.

The death of the late Secretary of State has been daily expected for some weeks. It removes a public man of the highest personal character and of various service. Able, quiet, of sound, conservative views, and of a cautious temperament, Mr. Frelinghuysen gave dignity to the late Cabinet, and was in complete accord with President Arthur.

It was his official duty, and doubtless it was agreeable to his convictions and inclinations, to reverse some tendencies in the foreign policy of his immediate predecessor, Mr. Blaine, who did not hesitate to express his opinion of the change in unmistakable terms. But the moderate course adopted by the late Administration in the treatment of South American affairs was very acceptable to the country. The reception of the commercial treaties was more doubtful, but they were made at too late a period to obtain a satisfactory expression of mature opinion.

Mr. Frelinghuysen's presence in the late Cabinet undoubtedly tended to confirm the general regard and confidence which was felt toward the Arthur administration, whose praise it is that it lessened the sense of loss and apprehension which followed the death of President Garfield. The Secretary's name is not identified with any single great measure, but it is that of an American gentleman who served his country with the purest patriotism and intelligence in every post of duty to which he was called.

PERSONAL.

An old friend of Mr. Watts, R.A. (himself an artist), whose pictures are now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has favored us with the following interesting sketch of that remarkable painter: "Mr. Watts was born in 1820, and was a winner of a prize in the first great competition for the decoration of the Parliament Houses in 1843, and at the subsequent competition of 1847. He began painting when about fourteen, was a short time a student of the Royal Academy, but left it in discontent with the teaching. He early attracted the attention of Lord Holland, who was his patron through all his early career. He spent some years in Italy. His health has been from childhood extremely delicate, and he has suffered much from brain troubles, and lately from suppressed gout and throat diseases, so that relatively a very small part of his time has been really available for painting; yet at the Grosvenor exhibition of his works in 1882 there were collected 205 examples, about half of his life's work. His early pictures, sent to the Royal Academy, were invariably refused until he finally offered a full-length portrait, of Mrs. Nassau Senior, under an assumed name, when the picture was accepted. Mr. Watts is personally of the most sympathetic nature, entirely devoted to his art, and one of the most profound thinkers and interesting talkers on artistic matters of the day. Something in his manner reminds one of Browning, but there is no personal resemblance. Watts is physically slight and fragile in appearance, modest in the extreme in the expression of his opinions, and almost painfully so when speaking of his own work, but when discussing Venetian painting or Greek sculpture he becomes inspired. He regards the painting of Titian and the sculpture of Phidias as the *ne plus ultra* of art work. Like our own Page in his earlier days, his enthusiasm is so contagious that no one who has any interest in or capability to feel art can resist the influence of it, and he makes disciples of even those whose natural sympathy with art is slight. Were his physical health such as to permit his being at the head of a school, there is no doubt that he would be the greatest art teacher of our day, as he is, in the opinion of most who know his work well, the greatest painter."

—Professor Huxley's health still continues discouraging, but he has resumed lecturing at South Kensington, his physician having advised him that some work was better than none.

—The most commanding position in Statuary Hall at the Capitol in Washington has been chosen for the statue of Garfield, presented by the State of Ohio. The late President stands with his right arm crossed against his breast and his left resting upon a reading-desk.

—Mr. Lowell's address on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey was read from manuscript. Coleridge, he said, was the most striking example in literature of a great genius given in trust to a nerveless will and a fitful purpose. In his best poetry he gives us the very quintessence of perception, the clearly crystallized precipitation of all that is most precious in the ferment of impression after all the impertinent and obtrusive particulars have vanished from the memory. "We are here to-day not to consider what Coleridge owed to himself, to his family, or to the world, but what we owe to him. Let us at least not volunteer to draw his frailties from their dread abode. Let the man of imaginative temperament who has never procrastinated, who has made all that was possible of his powers, cast the first stone."

—Rebecca Nourse was hanged as a witch at Salem, Massachusetts, one hundred and ninety-three years ago, and next summer her descendants will unveil a monument to her, for which Mr. Whittier has written the following lines:

"O Christian martyr, who for truth could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous lie,
The world, redeemed from Superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day."

—Mr. O. D. Baldwin, President of the Fourth National Bank of this city, declares that it is easy for any receiving teller to steal if he so desires. "He takes in the money, and if he chooses to put it into his pocket, he can't be prevented."

—The Rev. Dr. Talmage was once a smoker, but for many years has abstained from the use of tobacco in any shape. "Thirty-nine years ago," he says, "a New York merchant began to save the money he spent for the six cigars a day which he had been in the habit of smoking, and $29,102, 03 was the result at compound interest. Last week he bought with it a beautiful home in the country for his children."

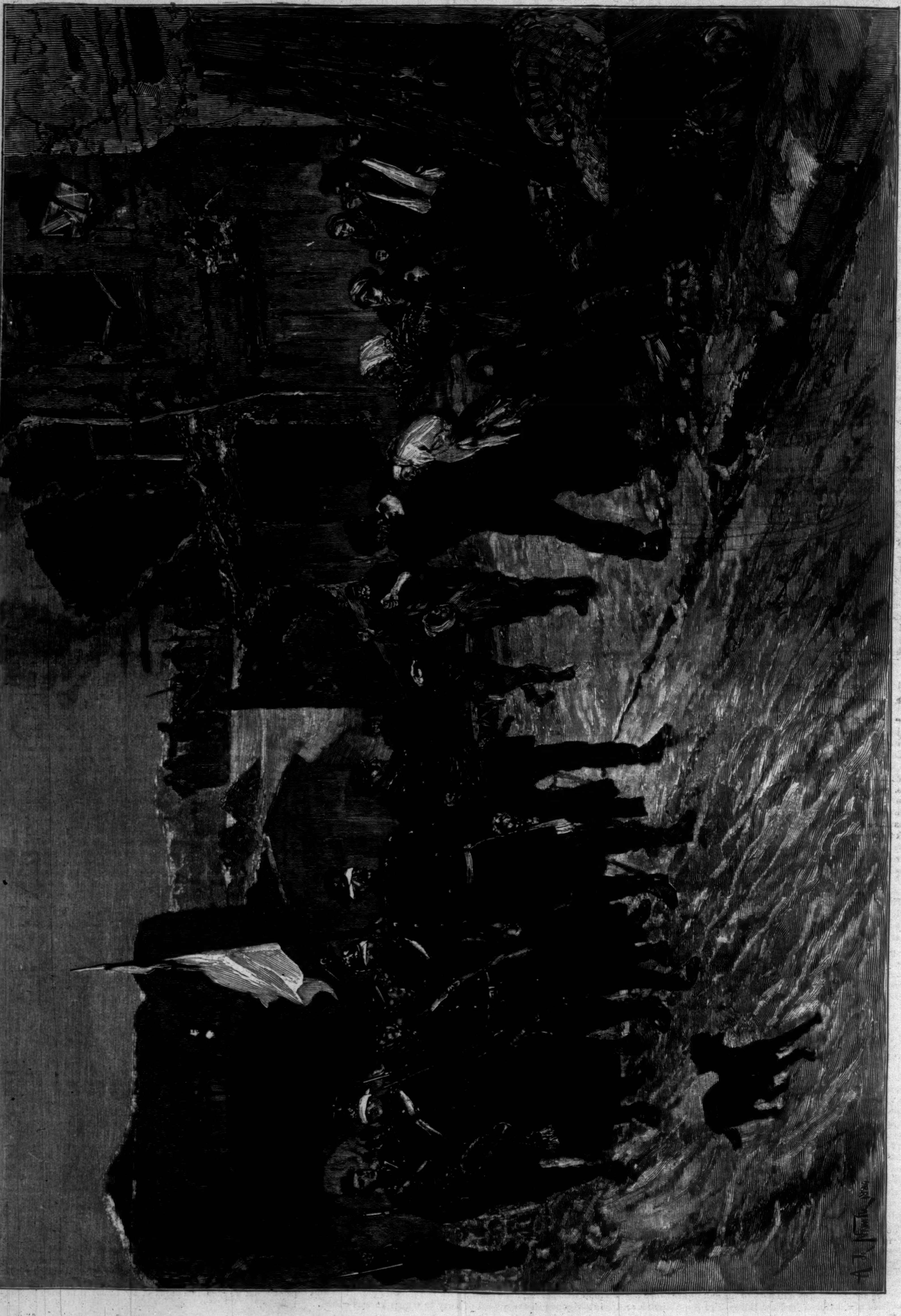
—Mr. Ruskin resigned from the Slade Professorship at Oxford University solely because of the vote endowing vivisection in that institution. He had meant to die in the harness there, and to teach as much art as the students had time to learn. But he could not stand vivisection.

—Professor Rendel Harris's resignation of the chair of New Testament Greek at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, was owing, like Mr. Ruskin's resignation, to the practice of vivisection in the institution which he served. One of his friends publishes in a foreign journal the following: "Mr. Harris ventured to protest publicly in Baltimore against what he believes to be the profound immorality of painful experiments on animals for scientific purposes. Solely in consequence of these protests he was obliged, only last month, to resign his professorship, under pressure from the Board of Trustees."

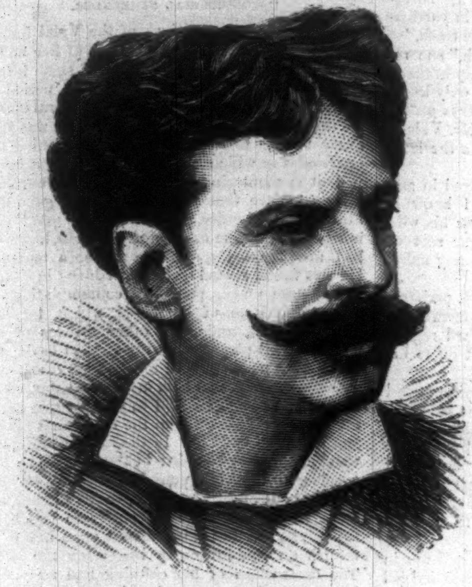
—One of the late General Gordon's admirers prefers to look "not at the deserted and lonely soldier of Khartoom, but at the contemplative administrator, a saint with humor, a stoic without conceit, who wrote the letters from Central Africa."

—It is not always the case, writes a leading London critic, that an artist, dramatic or lyric, comes back to England from a tour in America showing a decided gain in style and force; and for this reason the very marked improvement in Mr. Irving's method, and consequently in his power, is the more welcome. The actor seems to have lost not the individual manner, but the mannerism, and his enunciation has gai[illegible]y greatly in clearness and naturalness. His gestures have acquired a dignity and grace which formerly appeared to be intended rather than attained.

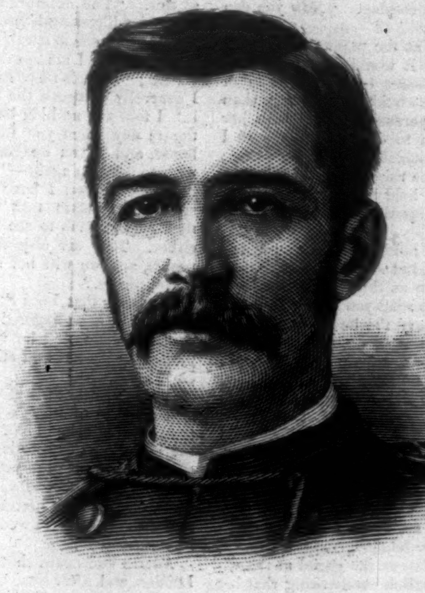
—Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is fast winning in England the recognition as a painter which has long been freely accorded him as one of the first of living illustrators. The English papers heartily praise his contribution to the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, in which the artist has introduced a study of Miss Mary Anderson. The London *Times* refers to it as "what must be considered the most important drawing in the room, Mr. Abbey's 'An Old Song,'" and goes on to describe it as follows: "In the centre of a large, low room, a beautiful girl—whose features every one will recognize—is studying at a harp, singing; near the window an old couple, in the costume of the last century, are seated hand in hand, and with heads bowed down, overcome by the pathos of the music. Except that the central figure seems to be somewhat unduly tall, this may be called a completely successful drawing, and one of the few which stand out as first-rate among much that is good though somewhat ordinary." The *Standard* says: "Mr. Abbey has treated this subject with grace. That was to be expected. He has treated it also with a sincere but reticent sentiment. That was to be wished for. His scheme of light and shade he has planned and carried out with an admired cunning." The Bradford *Observer*, after heartily praising the work, adds: "We are not disposed to begrudge America her painter, but we should be proud of Mr. Abbey if he were an Englishman."



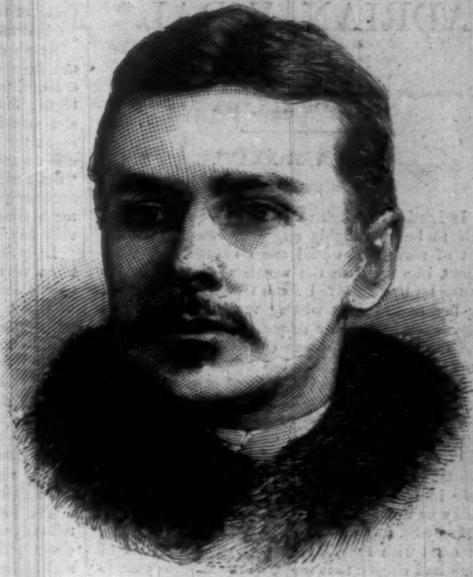
"LE PARLEMENTAIRE" (THE FLAG OF TRUCE).—ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE'S LAST PICTURE.—[See Page 347.]



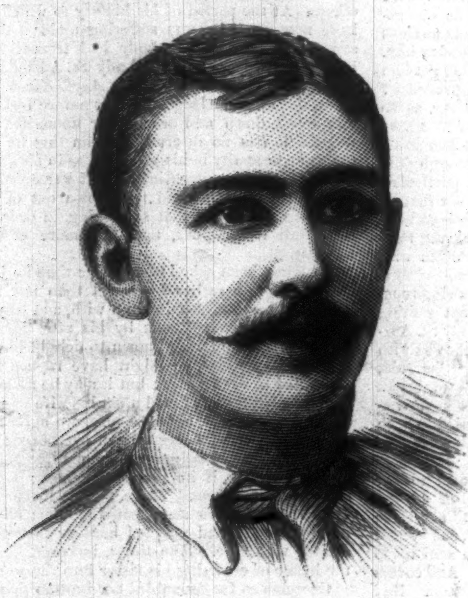
ALPHONSE MARIE DE NEUVILLE.
[See Page 347.]



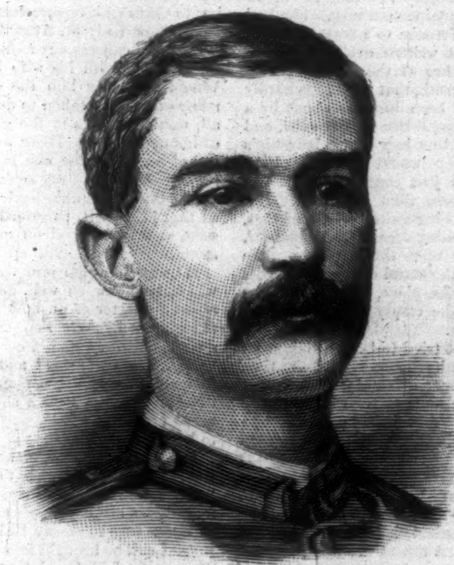
LIEUTENANT A. L. HOWARD.
Photographed by F. A. Bowman, New Haven.—[See Page 347.]



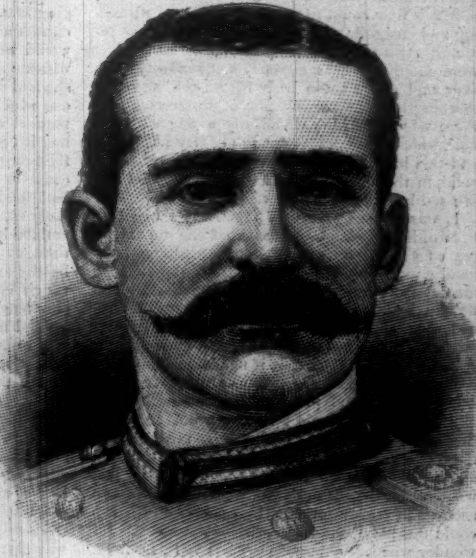
LIEUTENANT W. C. FITCH, TENTH (CANADIAN) GRENADIERS.
Photographed by J. F. Bryce, Toronto.—[See Page 347.]



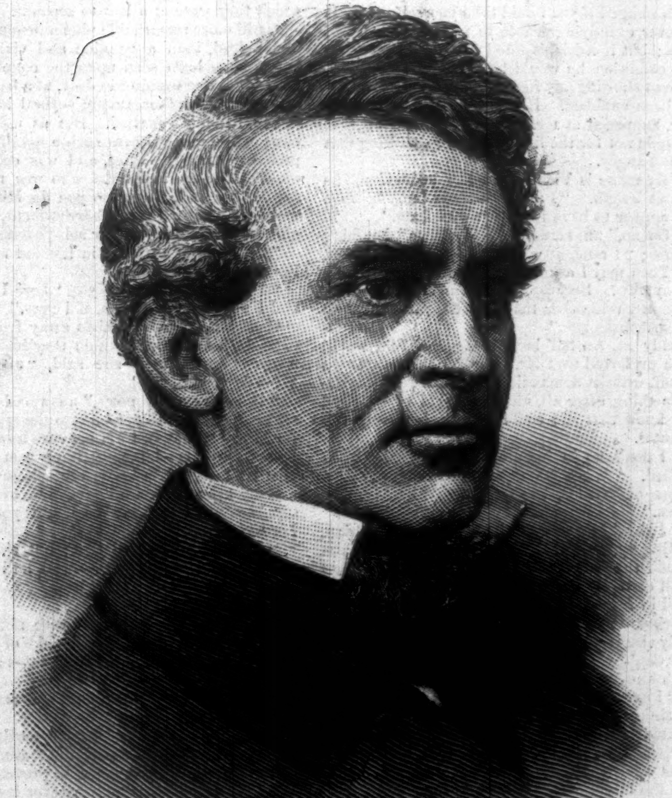
THOMAS PETTIT, CHAMPION COURT TENNIS PLAYER.
[See Page 347.]



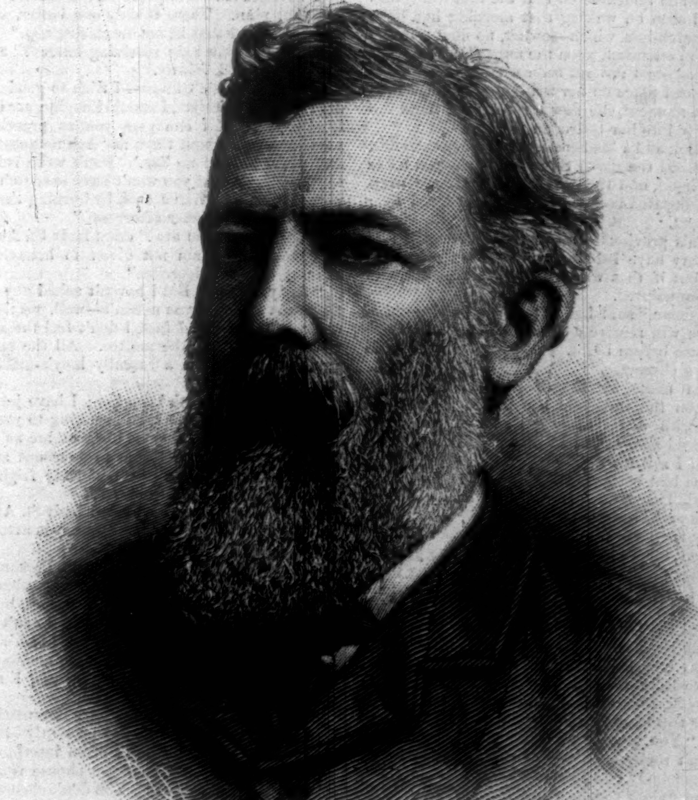
G. N. TORREY, WINNER OF THE DRILL PRIZE AT NEW ORLEANS.
Photographed by Wright, Houston, Texas.—[See Page 343.]



ROBERT E. ODLUM.
Photographed by C. S. Cudlip, Washington.—[See Page 347.]



THE LATE FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.
Photographed by Brady, Washington.—[See Page 339.]



WALKER FEARN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREECE, ETC.
Photographed by Merritt & Wood, Washington.—[See Page 350.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.[*]

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"AN END OF HIM."

IF Lord St. Austell very seldom permitted himself to be thoroughly angry, he was frequently out of sorts, and would snarl savagely at those about him because the weather was bad, or because he had received some troublesome letters, or because of fifty trifling vexations for which they were in no way responsible. His wife, on the other hand, who was easily moved to wrath and easily pacified, was too essentially good-natured to indulge often in a fit of general ill temper. But these two people, like the rest of the world, had their exceptional days; and it so chanced that while one of them was allowing passion to get the better of him, as narrated in the last chapter, the other was sitting in her boudoir in Grosvenor Square, looking as cross and sulky as any shrew.

Lady St. Austell had various reasons for being at odds with Fate. To begin with, an uncle of hers had chosen that inopportune time of year to have a long illness, and die at the end of it, so that she had only just been able to return to the city that she loved. And as though it were not bad enough to be defrauded of half her season, and have to wear mourning (which was not becoming to her) for two months, the dress-maker must needs send her home half a dozen new frocks, of which four could not by any amount of squeezing and struggling be made to meet, while the remaining two were disgraceful misfits. Such trials were enough to upset anybody's equanimity; but over and above these Lady St. Austell had that morning had the mortification of discovering that there was something dreadfully wrong with her hair, which was coming out in positive handfuls; and this had led her into an altercation with her maid, in the course of which the latter had addressed her most disrespectfully.

It was, indeed, rather of this maid's behavior than of her other annoyances that she was thinking as she sat alone and idle, one plump little hand supporting her cheek, while the other beat the devil's tattoo upon the arm of her chair. The woman had been disagreeably familiar of late, and occasionally insolent. She had taken her own way rather too openly, and had even thrown out some veiled hints that if she were interfered with she would know how to retaliate. Lady St. Austell understood pretty well what these hints meant, and had thought it better not to notice them, because it might perhaps be inconvenient if Bowman were to divulge all that she had seen and heard during the past six months or so. But what was more disquieting was that Bowman seemed to be aware of certain things which she could not possibly have either seen or heard. "I wonder whether she reads my letters?" Lady St. Austell mused. "I don't very much care if she does. There are only a few that I shouldn't like her to see, and they are locked up, fortunately."

She glanced down at her châtelaine, upon which she kept the little Bramah key of the dispatch-box that held these compromising documents, and suddenly started to her feet, exclaiming, "The wretch!" The key was gone; and at the same moment she remembered that the first thing that she had seen on waking that morning had been her dispatch-box, which—owing, no doubt, to the confusion attendant upon the unpacking of a host of trunks—had not yet been carried down to its accustomed place on her writing-table. Without losing a moment, she flew upstairs and burst impetuously into her bedroom.

A shriek and a loud crash greeted her entrance. There stood the guilty Susan, with an open letter in her hand, and there at her feet lay the overturned dispatch-box, its contents scattered over the carpet.

Susan's previous experience of her mistress's ways may have led her to expect a violent outbreak, but if that was what she looked for, she was disappointed.

"Bowman," said Lady St. Austell, quite quietly, "you will receive a month's wages, and leave the house before night. You need not apply to me for a character."

Susan made for the door without replying. But upon the threshold she halted and turned round, with a malicious smile. "I think, my lady," said she, "you had better give me a character, if I ask for it."

"You had better not ask for it," replied Lady St. Austell, coldly. "If you do, I shall give you the character that you deserve."

"Oh, very well, my lady; thank you. I'll do as much for you—and more. I'll give you the character that you deserve without waiting to be asked for it. You see, I've got something here that's as good as a written character."

It was the letter which she had been perusing when she had been so unexpectedly interrupted, and she now held it up between her finger and thumb with a nod of triumph.

Lady St. Austell seemed alarmed. She drew a step or two nearer to her maid, and said, appealingly, "You wouldn't do that, Bowman! You wouldn't really steal one of my letters and give it to somebody else to read!"

"Not unless you force me to it, my lady."

"Not unless I force you to it?" repeated Lady St. Austell, musingly. She approached a little closer still, her eyes were cast down, and she appeared to be lost in thought. All of a sudden she made a spring at the sheet of note-paper which was being waved menacingly over her head, and snatched it out of the grasp of the astonished Susan, who had not supposed that anything of that kind was coming. "Now you can go, Bowman," said she.

Susan cast a glance at the papers with which the floor was strewn. It would have been easy enough, perhaps, to possess herself of some of them; but whether she would not lose more than she would gain by a personal conflict with her employer seemed open to doubt. "I'm sure I don't want to make mischief, my lady," she said; "but I can't afford to be ruined either. Find me another place, and I'll hold my tongue. Refuse me a character, and I speak to his lordship this very day."

Lady St. Austell was neither a very courageous nor a very wise woman, but she knew better than to fall into such a trap as this. "You can say what you please and do what you please," she replied, "but you will leave the house to-night, as I told you. If you are not gone by nine o'clock, I shall send for a policeman and give you in charge for breaking open my dispatch-box."

It is not likely that Miss Bowman was much frightened by the latter threat, but Lady St. Austell's coolness was not without its effect upon her. She did as she was told, and went away, merely remarking: "Very good, my lady. Don't say I didn't let you have your choice, that's all."

The moment that she was gone, Lady St. Austell gathered up the scattered letters and ran down with them to her boudoir. She sat down, and sighed once or twice as she gazed at the various samples of masculine handwriting that lay on her lap. It grieved her to break these few remaining links with the past, some of which carried her back to a period when she had owed allegiance to no aged lord, and had dreamed of love in a cottage as a not altogether impossible form of happiness. But there was no time for indulging in sentimental retrospection now. She had chosen a castle in preference to a cottage, and it would never do to let written evidence remain which might deprive her of the residence that she had selected. In truth, that result was hardly one which could have been brought about by a perusal of the correspondence in question, and had it been submitted to a jury of her ladyship's fellow-countrymen, they would probably have come to the perfectly just conclusion that she had been nothing worse than indiscreet. But Lady St. Austell, not being quite so sure of that, and having an unreasoning dread of her husband, thought it best to be upon the safe side. She hastily dragged away the stand of flowers in pots which concealed the fire-place, and, casting the cherished relics into the empty grate, applied a lighted match to them.

No one who has not tried to burn a bundle of letters in a hurry can have any idea of the time that it takes to consume a few dozen sheets of paper. Quite half an hour elapsed before Lady St. Austell threw herself back in her chair, with flushed cheeks, muttering: "There! Now, unless Johnny Spencer has kept some of my notes—which I don't for a moment suppose that that hag of a wife of his will have allowed him to do—I think I am pretty safe."

Hardly had she breathed these words when she was startled by a smart tap at the door, and before she could say "Come in," she found herself confronted with her husband. Decidedly it was not a lucky afternoon. Lord St. Austell looked very black; his customary grin had vanished altogether; his thin lips were tightly set, and it was easy to see that he was in one of his least amiable humors.

"Burning letters?" he asked, with a glance at the shrivelled shreds of paper on the hearth. "An excellent plan. There is only one better, as far as I know, and that is, not to receive any."

"How can one help receiving letters?" asked Lady St. Austell, faintly.

"I'm sure I don't know—I wish to goodness I did! But your letters, I should imagine, are chiefly answers, and I can give you as practical a piece of advice about them as 'Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies.' Don't write rubbish to young fools, and you won't have to scorch your face till you look like a cook by burning their replies on a hot summer afternoon."

"How coarse you are!" cried Lady St. Austell, indignantly. "I am not given to behaving in the way that you describe."

"Are you not? But I haven't asked any questions, you know, so you needn't—well, you needn't answer. In point of fact, I don't feel the slightest curiosity about the matter. All the same, I wouldn't keep such a rascally lady's-maid if I were you."

"I am not going to keep her; I have just dismissed her. Has she been speaking to you?"

"Yes, she has. Bounced out at me as I was coming upstairs, and began to pour out such a stream of venom that she positively frightened me. I told her to go to blazes."

"Did you, really?" exclaimed Lady St. Austell, gratefully. "Thank you, Sidney; you acted like a gentleman."

"That appears to surprise you. Personally, I am not certain that it is very like a gentleman to use strong language to one's inferiors, but she ought not to have bounced at me. I can't stand being bounced at. She is a good-looking woman too," continued his lordship, meditatively. "Cursed with a vile temper, though, I should think."

His own temper seemed to have improved since he had entered the room, but presently his brow grew dark again. "I don't often interfere with you," he resumed. "I let you choose your own acquaintances, as a rule. You don't choose them wisely, but that is rather more your affair than mine. Every now and then, however, I must claim a right of veto, and just now you will oblige me by striking those Vidal people off your visiting list."

"By all means, if you wish it," answered Lady St. Austell, with the most heartless alacrity. "I had almost forgotten that we knew them."

Even Lord St. Austell could not help smiling at this. "The extraordinary part of it," he remarked, addressing himself to no one in particular, "is that she is speaking the simple truth."

"Of course I am speaking the truth," she returned; "what is there so extraordinary in that? I generally do speak the truth, if you only knew it. I told you nothing but the truth that unfortunate day when you found me at Mr. Vidal's house, and if you imagine that I have the least wish to see him again—"

"I assure you I have never indulged in any speculations upon that point. All I know is that *I* don't wish to see him again—or his wife either. They are objectionable, vulgar sort of people, and we will not receive them any more, if you please."

And with that Lord St. Austell, who, perhaps, feared that if he lingered he might be drawn into explanations which he would afterward regret, picked up his hat and stick, and went off to his club.

On his way down Bruton Street he encountered a young man of amiable but somewhat jaded aspect, who smiled and half stopped, as though with the intention of accosting him; but perhaps he did not recognize the young man, for he passed on, staring blankly at vacancy through his eye-glass, and Adrian, proceeding toward Grosvenor Square, muttered, "I wonder whether that was an intentional cut?"

Adrian had heard that Lady St. Austell was in London, and, after some hesitation, he had decided to call upon her. He had been able to give himself various good reasons for so doing. It would be an act of common politeness; it would show her that the unpleasant circumstances of their last meeting had not lessened his friendly regard for her, and so forth. But in reality he was going to Grosvenor Square because he was anxious to see how Lady St. Austell would receive him. Would she express any regret for having got him into trouble with his wife by her imprudence? Would she show him the cold shoulder, as so many others had taken to doing of late? Above all, would she join in the general condemnation of his new book? There was little enough danger of her offending him in this last particular, seeing that she did not so much as know that he had published another work; but such ignorance as that he may be pardoned for not having foreseen, and he stepped on toward his doom with more or less of cheerful anticipation.

He was admitted into the long drawing-room which he knew so well, and was kept waiting about a quarter of an hour before Lady St. Austell appeared. When she did appear, it was with an air of hurry and preoccupation. She said, "Oh, how do you do?" and sitting down, began to open and examine a number of notes—invitations apparently—which she had carried in with her, addressing a little perfunctory conversation to her visitor while she did so.

Presently she rose, crossed the room to her writing-table, and began to scribble off replies. "May I trouble you to ring the bell?" she said; and when a servant presented himself, she wanted to know why the *menu* had not been sent up to her. Let it be brought immediately. And covers were to be laid for sixteen, not fourteen. Had the flowers arrived from the country? and had anybody unpacked them yet? From time to time she threw a remark or a question over her shoulder at Adrian. "How hot it is to-day!—is it not?" "Can you tell me what the day of the month is?" "Have you been long in London?" etc., etc.

All this evidently meant, "I don't want to be bothered with callers just now, and I should be much obliged if you would take yourself off." It is never exactly agreeable to receive such broad hints; but if Adrian's mind had been in its normal condition, he would have retired gracefully, without showing any foolish consciousness of having been snubbed. His condition of mind, however, happened at that time to be abnormal, and he could not for the life of him help showing that he was angry.

"My name is Vidal, and I live in London," he said at length. "I mention these facts because you appear to have forgotten who I am."

"Oh no," answered Lady St. Austell, laughing a little; "I remember you quite well."

"Then may I ask whether I have offended you in any way? Because, if you remember me at all, you must remember that we were rather friends a few months ago."

Lady St. Austell laughed again. She would have preferred that Mr. Vidal should go away in a huff, without demanding explanations; but the main thing, after all, was to get rid of him, and she knew that she could do that in a very few minutes.

"I don't go in for undying friendships," she replied. "When people begin to claim the privileges of friends, they invariably begin to be bores."

"I should be sorry to be a bore," said Adrian, getting up, "and I think I may safely take upon myself to say that you will not find me one, for I shall certainly claim no privileges of any sort or kind in future. You are quite right to throw me overboard; you only follow the fashion. Everybody else is doing the same."

"Can't you swim?" asked Lady St. Austell, with an air of innocent wonder.

"I am almost afraid not; but whether I swim or sink, I suppose the ship will sail on without me much as usual. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Lady St. Austell, sweetly; and thus Adrian left the house in Grosvenor Square for the last time.

"So there is an end of *him*," mused her ladyship, after he had gone. "I don't think I regret him much. He was extremely good-looking; but he didn't seem to know how to use his advantages, and I was getting very tired of him. I wonder what he meant by people having thrown him overboard? Perhaps they are getting tired of him too. That would not astonish me."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

AMONG the oral traditions of the Vidal family it is related that, at the tender age of five and a half, Adrian, who had been guilty of some infantile misdemeanor, was sentenced to a period of solitary confinement extending over several hours. At the expiration of the term the nurse was sent to release the prisoner, and, on approaching the apartment in which he was locked up, was horrified at encountering a strong smell of burning. "I do believe that wicked boy have gone and tumbled into the fire, just to spite his mar!" she is reported to have exclaimed. Adrian, however, had not adopted quite so extreme a measure. He was found seated on the hearth-rug in a state of absolute nudity, pensively contemplating the slow combustion of his boots, which, together with his shirt, tunic, and other articles of apparel, he had placed upon the red-hot coals, and which by this time were reduced very nearly to ashes. When Mrs. Vidal, in her cold way, asked him what he had expected to gain by this act of incendiarism, he replied to the effect that his object had been twofold. In the first place, he had wanted something to do; in the second, he had considered that the punishment inflicted upon him was out of all proportion to his offense, and as it had not been in his power to lessen the former, he had felt it incumbent upon him to establish an equilibrium by increasing the latter. The destruction of his clothing had seemed to him the readiest means of achieving this end, and he had destroyed his clothing accordingly.

More than once in later life Adrian acted upon a similar principle, though perhaps without acknowledging it so plainly either to himself or to others. At the period of his history to which we have now come he was suffering under a deep sense of wrong. Everybody had treated him badly—his wife, the critics, Lady St. Austell, the editor and proprietors of the *Anglo-Saxon*—in short, the world at large; and his nature forbade him to sit down and brood over unmerited ill-usage. It was no discredit to him that he felt the same necessity in his manhood as in his childhood to be doing something; but it was certainly unfortunate that he had not grown out of the childish notion that that something, in order to be at all satisfactory, must be more or less naughty.

If he had been asked why at this time he joined himself to a rather faster set than any that he had hitherto been mixed up with, and why he made himself conspicuous by his attentions to certain ladies who were known to delight in conspicuous attentions, he might have replied that he wanted to drown care; but it may be assumed that the pain thus inflicted upon his wife was not only known to him, but in a measure agreeable. He had spoken of being thrown overboard; but in reality he could still go to two or three parties on most nights, if he was so inclined; and it suited him to do so. There was no longer any question of Clare's accompanying him; she, as has been seen, had adopted another method of dealing with care. Sometimes, however, he had the honor of escorting his sister into the world.

Georgina so far resembled her brother that she was fond of society, and could not endure inaction. Possibly she may have resembled him in the further particular of thinking society the best cure for low spirits. She was, at all events, not so cheerful as she had been the year before, and many of her friends noted a disposition toward silence and listlessness on her part, which had never been among her characteristics, and for which they were at a loss to account.

A still more remarkable phenomenon—nothing less, indeed, than a genuine and vivid blush—might have been seen upon the countenance of Miss Vidal one evening in July, at a ball to which she and her brother, among several hundreds of others, had been invited. But as nobody could have expected to witness such a manifestation, it probably escaped notice, and was certainly not observed by the individual who was responsible for it. He said, "How do you do, Miss Vidal?" without any apparent embarrassment, and Georgina quickly recovered her self-possession.

"So here you are back in London again," was her greeting.

"Yes," answered De Wynt, "here I am again, and I want to talk to you, if I may."

Georgina drew her skirts away from the few extra inches of bench which they had been covering. "Sit down," she said, "and proceed. What is your news?"

"It isn't exactly news," answered De Wynt, squeezing his small person into the space cleared for him. "That is, I am not sure how far it may be news to you; but most likely you don't hear all that I do. You know your sister-in-law was awfully kind to me while you were away."

"Was she? I have no doubt you deserved her kindness."

"I don't know about that; but she was kind to me. And your brother—well, he is your brother."

"That is undeniable."

"So that even if I didn't care about him for his own sake, I should for the sake of others, and I don't like to see him going to—to— May I speak plainly?"

"By all means. You don't like to see him going to the devil."

"I meant to say the dogs, but perhaps the other expression comes nearer the truth."

"And how are you going to prevent him from reaching his destination, whatever it may be?"

"I don't suppose I can prevent him, but you might. I know you think I attach too much importance to what the world says, but I do assure you that no man can afford to be talked about as people are talking about Vidal now. And that isn't all. I am afraid he is coming to grief in other ways. I am afraid he is getting indifferent about his work, and running into debt. I don't apologize for repeating what I hear to you, because I am sure you won't misunderstand my motives. No doubt a great part of it is not true; but it is safe to conclude that a small part is."

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

"As far as I can judge, it is all true," said Georgina, with a sigh.

"Well, we know pretty well what the meaning of it is, and the cause of it, and that the whole thing could be set straight if only one of two persons would give way just a little bit. Now I don't think there's much good in speaking to Mrs. Vidal."

"I don't think there is," agreed Georgina. "I made my little effort in that quarter, and the result was discouraging."

"Heriot might help; but he's too ill to leave his house, poor beggar, and Vidal won't go near him. He told me so the other day, when I looked him up. So, you see, there really is only you."

"And what am I to do?" inquired Georgina.

"I shouldn't venture to suggest. I am rather dull, as you know; and you are very clever."

"Clever as I am, I confess that I don't quite see my way. If people will insist upon marrying, I am afraid they must accept the natural consequences of their folly."

"Quarrels and misunderstandings are not the natural consequences of marriage," said De Wynt, dogmatically.

"Are they not? Well, I never was married myself, so I can only judge by appearances. You, I hear, will soon be in a position to speak authoritatively upon the point."

"What do you mean?" asked De Wynt.

"It is currently reported that you are about to be married—and to an heiress, too. I don't mean to assert that marriages of that kind are acts of folly."

"Whoever told you that I was going to be married told you a—a deliberate falsehood!" cried De Wynt, warmly. "No one can possibly have believed such a thing—you, least of all."

"I did believe it, though; why should I not? You will probably marry one of these days."

"I don't know. It will depend upon whether the only woman whom I shall ever ask to marry me persists in refusing me or not. But, as I was saying, marriages don't necessarily bring about dissensions. When they do, it is because there has been no previous understanding. Now I do think that you and I understand one another perfectly. You have your tastes and I have my little prejudices. We should both have to give way to a certain extent; but I don't think we should mind that—at least, I am sure I should not. Only I should have to bar the South Sea Islands. When one has a property to look after, one can't go quite so far as that every winter."

"It seems to me," remarked Georgina, "that we are getting very far indeed from the subject that we started with."

"No, not so very; because, supposing that we could act together, we might see our friends through their troubles, I think; and I am sure that I could be of use in many ways if only you would give me the right to be of use."

"But, Mr. De Wynt, I have told you already that I can not accept your offer."

"You never gave me any reason for refusing it, though. If you tell me that you don't care enough about me to marry me, there's an end of it, and I won't bother you any more; but if it is only that I happen to have come into a little money—"

"You have been writing to Clare!" broke in Georgina, suspiciously.

"Yes, I have; I am not ashamed to confess it; and it was she who told me what you said about not choosing to marry a man who had just inherited a fortune. As though I should be likely to think that you would accept me for that reason! Now, Miss Vidal, I have a right to an honest answer. Can you or can't you care for me?"

"You are very peremptory. A ball-room is not the proper place for this sort of thing."

"Nobody is looking at us; and I shouldn't care if everybody was. Don't keep me in suspense any longer. I have been very patient—I think you will allow that—and surely I am entitled to an answer now."

"If you are quite convinced that it is my duty to Adrian and Clare—" began Georgina.

"It is your duty to yourself to answer Yes, if you can," said De Wynt, earnestly. "And your duty to me too," he added.

"Ah, yes; I foresee that I shall hear a good deal about my duty to you. Well, I surrender, then. It's an unconditional surrender. I haven't the slightest belief in your give-and-take system, you know. Of two people, one must rule and the other must be ruled; and I suppose perhaps you had better be the ruler. Give me your orders, and I will humbly endeavor to execute them."

But De Wynt had no specific commands to give; and although the newly engaged pair did not separate for another hour, it must be confessed that at the end of that time they had agreed upon nothing more precise than that it behooved Georgina to "speak to" her brother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIZE DRILL.

G. N. Torrey, of the Houston Light Guards, was the winner of the prize in the individual drill contest at the New Orleans Exposition. After the militia prize drills at Mobile, lasting from May 6 to May 9, and illustrated in the last issue of Harper's Weekly, the contesting companies went to New Orleans to compete again. The Houston Light Guard won the inter-State militia contest. The individual drill was opened on May 16, with three non-commissioned officers or privates from each foot company, the prize being offered by the United States. After a severe contest the judges awarded the prize to Mr. Torrey.

VICTOR HUGO.

Of the family of Victor Hugo nothing is known except that one of his ancestors was privy councillor to the Duke of Lorraine in the sixteenth century, and that several of his descendants embraced the career of arms. His father, Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, born in 1774, was the friend of Kleber and Dessaix, the aide-de-camp of Alexandre de Beauharnais, and a valiant soldier in La Vendée. His rise was rapid, for we soon find him a major at Nantes, where he fell in love with the daughter of a rich armorer, a royalist and a Catholic, to whom he was speedily united by civil marriage at Paris. The first-fruit of this union was a son named Abel; the second, a son named Eugène. Before the birth of the latter, however, he was recalled to the frontier, and for his bravery at the battle of the Danube was promoted to the command of a battalion. After the defeat of the Austrians he was made commander of Luneville, and, being chosen a colonel some time after, went into garrison with his men at Besançon. Here he was rejoined by his wife and children, and here, on February 26, 1802, his third son, Victor Hugo, was born. He was so frail and sickly that the physician declared he could not live, and so ugly that his brother Eugène called him "a little monster."

Victor Hugo began to write verses at the age of twelve, and upon all conceivable subjects—tragedies, elegies, idyls, romances, fables, madrigals, even a comic opera. The name of only one of these early effusions has reached us. It was on a Spanish theme, "Inez de Castro," and is described as being a melodrama in three acts, with two interludes. When he was fifteen he competed for the poetic prize offered by the French Academy, his subject being "The pleasures of study." In the simplicity of his nature he stated his age in it:

"I, who from court to cities always tend,
Have scarce of three short lustres reached the end."

It was not a wise proceeding, for it led the members of the Academy to think the writer might be making sport of them. They declined, therefore, to give him the prize, but gave him honorable mention instead.

"You little donkey," said his brother Abel, "what possessed you to put your age in the poem? You might have obtained the prize." He did obtain a prize next year, when he competed for the one offered by the Academy of Toulouse. We might say, perhaps, two prizes, for he gained the golden amaranth for an ode on "The Virgins of Verdun," and the golden fleur-de-lis for another on "The Restoration of the Statue of Henri IV." In the following year a copy of verses on "Moses on the Nile" won for him the rank of master in the floral contests. About this time he wrote a prose romance, entitled "Bug-Jargal," an episode of the revolt of the blacks of St. Domingo in 1791, and a little later received his diploma. He had achieved some success in mathematics, but it was literature alone for which he cared, and to which he resolved henceforth to devote himself. His father tried to dissuade him from it (his mother was now dead), but in vain, so at twenty he found himself left to make his own way in the world, with a cash capital of eight hundred francs. His brother Abel defrayed the cost of his first volume, *Odes and Ballads*, which was fortunate enough to come into the hands of M. Mannechat, reader to Louis XVIII., who, as well as his royal master, was pleased with the spirit of loyalty which it breathed. The first edition of *Odes and Ballads* brought the young poet seven hundred francs and a pension from the king of one thousand francs from his privy purse. He was rich now, rich enough to marry, and he succeeded in persuading his early sweetheart, Adèle Foucher, into the same belief. There was no money on either side, but the ardent lover purchased for his bride, with his seven hundred francs, a magnificent cashmere shawl, which was her only trousseau.

Victor Hugo's first work after his marriage was the completion of a romance which he had begun at the age of eighteen, while he was at school. It was entitled *Hans of Iceland*, and was powerful in its way, the hero being a monster who drinks sea-water and blood from the skull of his son, the drama ending with the intervention of a bear! He wrote a memoir of Voltaire, whom he praised moderately; he visited his friend Lamartine at Macon, and probably made a journey with him to the Alps; and in 1826 he published a second series of *Odes and Ballads*. His next venture was in the stormy circle of the drama, toward which his nature had long impelled him, and his first attempt was the enigmatical character of Cromwell, with which the great tragedian Talma strongly sympathized. "I have always wished," he said, "to play Cromwell." The ambitious poet set to work at once, and but for the death of Talma shortly afterward, might have produced an acting play. He did not do so, however, for, having lost his dramatic interpreter, he abandoned all thought of the stage, and allowed his creative imagination to run riot. With the exception of Swinburne's *Bothwell*, *Cromwell* is the longest tragedy extant. It was published in 1827, with a preface in which he set forth his dramatic theories (as Dryden, by-the-way, used to set forth his when he produced new plays), which differed as widely from those of Corneille and Racine as *Hans of Iceland* differed from the prose romances of the period. It was a challenge to the existing order of dramatic literature—the challenge of the romantic school to the classical school, and as such it was accepted.

Cromwell was followed by *Marion Delorme*. The manuscript was read before an audience of critical friends, by whom it was greatly admired, and the directors of three theatres contended for the honor of producing it, but contended in vain, for the censor of Charles X. interdicted it, under the plea that in the fourth act Louis XIII., the ancestor of Charles X., was held up to ridicule. Not a whit dismayed, Victor Hugo set to work upon a Spanish theme, and in three weeks completed *Hernani*, which was immediately accepted by the Théâtre Français. The ire of the classical critics was excited during its rehearsal, and they proceeded to ridicule it, and even burlesqued it at the Vaudeville. Nor were the friends of the author backward in preparing to defend it. Constant, Thiers, and others wrote to him asking for seats, and as he had refused to employ the usual *claque*, the younger literary men of Paris offered to replace it in person. A list of artists chosen from the studios of painting, sculpture, and architecture was drawn up, and headed by Balzac, Berlioz, Auguste, Maquet, and Gautier, was eager to fight the battle of the romantic school. The first representation of *Hernani* was a battle royal between the classical and romantic schools, and the latter won, for, as it went on, the shouts of disapprobation were overwhelmed with a storm of applause. At the end of the fourth act, a publisher requested an interview outside with Victor Hugo, to whom he offered six thousand francs for the manuscript. The bargain was concluded in a tobacco shop near by, and the money paid on the spot. It came in good time, for his entire exchequer on that evening contained only fifty francs.

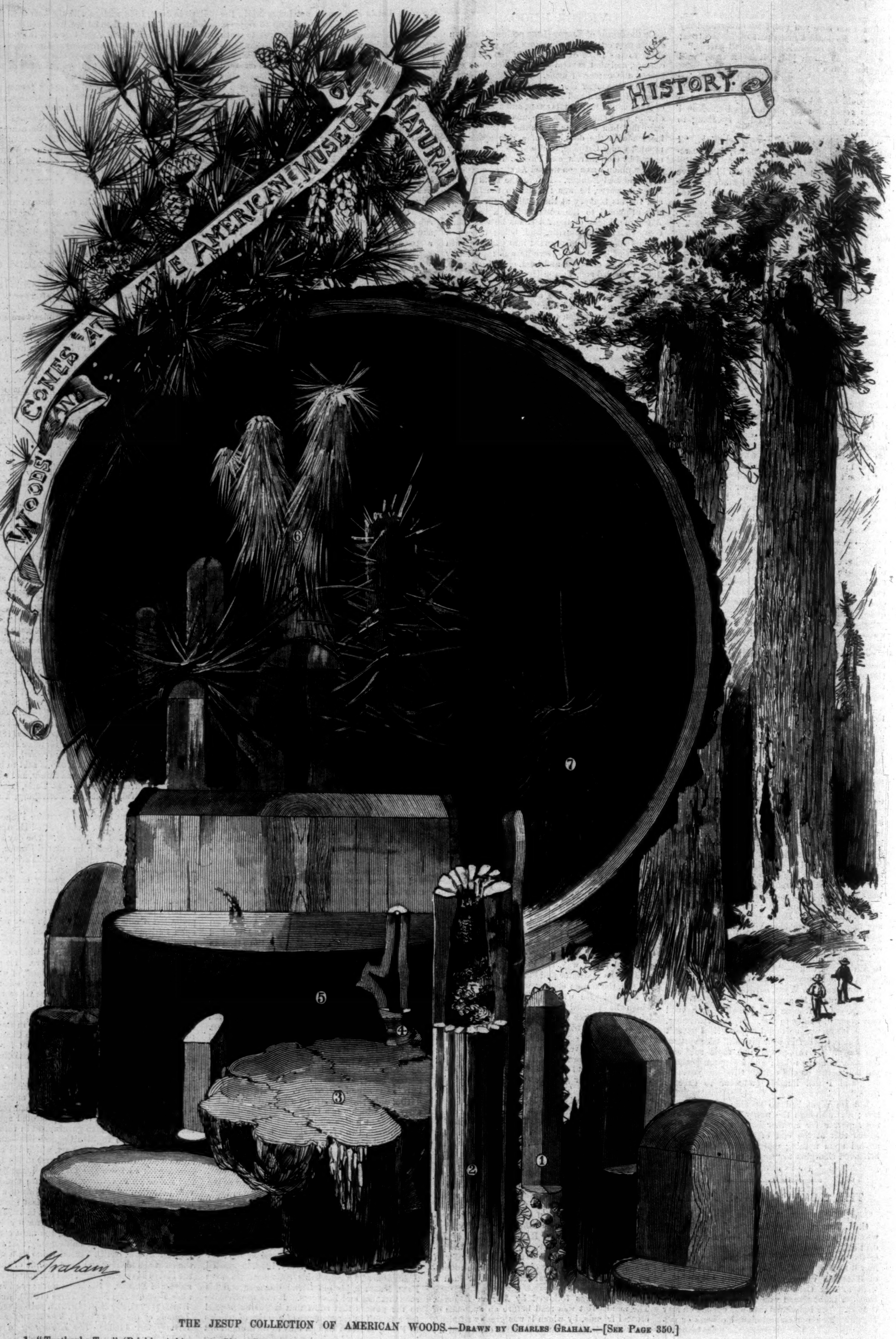
The two series of *Odes and Ballads* (1822-6) were followed in 1829 by a third collection of poems, *The Orientals*, and by a prose work entitled *The Last Day of a Condemned Man*. It was while these volumes were in the press, or shortly after their publication, that Victor Hugo wrote *Marion Delorme*, which was interdicted, as we have seen, and *Hernani*, which was first produced in February, 1830. *Marion Delorme*, which was produced in the summer of 1831, provoked almost as great a storm as *Hernani*. If there was any doubt about its success, there was no doubt about the success of Victor Hugo's fourth prose work, *Our Lady of Paris*, which was begun shortly after the revolution of 1830. It passed through eight editions in a few months, and was hailed as a masterpiece by almost everybody but Goethe, whose critical, many-sided genius was averse from the romantic tendency of the time, and who could scarcely muster patience to endure the horror with which the reading inspired him. After *Our Lady of Paris*, which is better known to English readers as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, Victor Hugo published a fourth collection of poems, *Autumn Leaves*, in which his genius was at its sweetest and best.

The period of tenderness which inspired this last work was succeeded by a reign of fiery devotion to the drama, of which the first-fruits were *The King Amuses Himself* and *Lucretia Borgia*. The battle between the classic and romantic school was renewed on the first night of *The King Amuses Himself*, the opposition to which was so overwhelming that it was interdicted the next day, by a ministerial edict, on the ground of its alleged immorality. *Lucretia Borgia*, a three-act drama in prose, which was produced shortly afterward, succeeded greatly. Mademoiselle Georges and Frederick Lemaître, who played the principal parts, were frantically applauded and recalled; the stage was covered with flowers, and the horses were detached from the carriage into which Victor Hugo stepped, with his wife and daughter, at the close of the performance, and he returned home on foot, escorted by the admiring multitude to his dwelling beneath the arcades in the Place Royale.

Victor Hugo's next attempt was another prose drama, *Marie Tudor*, which was played many nights in the autumn of 1833, though not without violent opposition. It was succeeded in the spring of 1835 by a third prose drama, *Angelo*, in which the two heroines, Mademoiselle Mars and Madame Duval, won a brilliant success for themselves and their author, and, later in the same year, by his fifth collection of poems, *Twilight Songs*. His dramatic genius deserted him in an opera, the libretto of which was based upon his romance *Our Lady of Paris*, and entitled *Esmeralda*. It was brought upon the stage in the autumn of 1836, at the Royal Academy of Music, and immediately hissed. Success returned to him in 1837 with his sixth collection of poems, *Inner Voices*, and in the following year with a five-act drama in verse, *Angelo*, which Lemaître carried through triumphantly. His seventh collection of poems, *Lights and Shadows*, appeared in 1840, and in 1843 his drama *The Burgraves*. In the last year he published the first and second volumes of *The Rhine*, the concluding volume of which was delayed until 1845. The list of Victor Hugo's writings already given embraces the literary labors of twenty-three years, and brings him to the age of forty-three. His personal life during this period may be summed up in his marriage, which was a happy one, in the death of his father at a ripe old age, and in the birth of his children, two of whom were boys—Charles Victor, who was born in 1826, and was now nineteen, and François Victor, who was born in 1828, and was now seventeen. His reputation, which was second to that of none of his contemporaries, justified him in seeking admission to the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1841. Four years afterward, on the 16th of April, 1845, he was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe. His speeches formed a part of the legislative eloquence of the period, but he could not ride the whirlwind nor direct the storm. He could write for a newspaper, however, and he did; for after the revolution of February, 1848, he started *L'Événement*, on which his collaborateurs were Paul Meurice, his old friend Gautier, and his sons Charles and François. It was so offensive to the powers that ruled that it was suspended for a month in consequence of a series of articles by François Hugo, though only to be brought out immediately as *L'Avènement du Peuple*. Victor Hugo was elected a representative of the city of Paris in June, 1848, and sat with the Left until the following January, when he demanded the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly and the formation of a Legislative Assembly. He presented himself as a candidate for re-election in May, 1849, and was chosen tenth upon the list of the twenty-eight deputies of Paris.

Victor Hugo had proved a poet, a romancer, a dramatist; he had not proved a statesman, not even a politician, in spite of his clever speeches. His paper, *L'Événement*, attacked General Cavaignac, justly perhaps; it sustained the candidature of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for the French Republic. He imposed upon Victor Hugo with his fine phrases, as he imposed upon other men of genius and talent. He was elected. The result was the *coup d'état*. Victor Hugo was fortunate enough to escape arrest; he concealed himself for nearly a week in the house of one of his friends, and succeeded in reaching Belgium in disguise. He arrived in Brussels on the 13th of December, 1851, and the next day began to concentrate his indignant impressions of what he had lately seen and known, which he rightly named *The History of a Crime*. It was finished on the 5th of May, 1852, the anniversary of the death of the first Napoleon, though it was not given to the world until a quarter of a century afterward. In August he published his stinging satire, *Napoleon the Little*, of which thousands of copies were sold, and which was translated into many languages. It was a menace, too, as well as an arraignment of the blood-stained usurper of France, who forthwith demanded the expulsion of the writer from the soil of Belgium, and obtained it through a special law passed by the Belgian Chamber for that purpose. From Brussels Victor Hugo removed to the little island of Jersey, where he continued his denunciations of the Man of December, of which the second fruit was his terrible *Chastisement*. It was published in 1853, and was soon circulated as widely as *Napoleon the Little*. Napoleon the Third was powerless to efface the impression which it burned into the conscience of Europe, but being now the good friend of England, he was powerful enough to cause the expulsion of Victor Hugo and his family from Jersey, which was in dangerous proximity to the French coast. The means, Parliamentary and other, by which this second expulsion was procured need not be stated here; enough, that on the 31st of October, 1855, he was compelled to remove with his family to Guernsey, which is a few miles further off. The Hugos established themselves at Hauteville House, a noble old mansion in sight of the sea, filled with objects of art, souvenirs of travel, family portraits, and whatever else among the belongings of the poet would make it beautiful and interesting. The fierce political agitations which had so shaken his genius now gave place to the divine calm of thought, and he returned to his true vocation, literature. The residence of Victor Hugo at Hauteville House was productive of great works. They were a volume of personal lyrics, *Contemplations* (1856); a volume of epical fantasies, *The Legend of the Ages* (1859); a remarkable romance, the title of which may be roughly Englished as *The Wretched* (1862); *Songs of the Streets and Forests* (1865); *The Toilers of the Sea* (1866); and *The Man who Laughs* (1869). No work of modern times was ever more successful than *The Wretched* (*Les Misérables*), for the copyright of which Victor Hugo is said to have received four hundred thousand francs, and which was published simultaneously at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Turin, and New York.

When disasters began to overtake France in the war of 1870, Victor Hugo quitted Hauteville House and hastened to Brussels. The day after the capitulation of Sedan he entered France, and at ten o'clock in the evening reached Paris, where a crowd had assembled to meet him. As might have been expected, he was greatly excited by the unhappy condition of his country. He addressed a manifesto to the Germans, who had declared that they made war only upon the Emperor, but it failed to arrest them in their march upon Paris, in which he was inclosed during the siege that followed. His life at this stormy period was crowded with events, of which only a brief summary can be presented here. He published a new edition of his *Chastisement*, of which over a hundred thousand copies were sold; he was elected a representative of the Seine after the signing of the armistice with Germany; he protested against the preliminaries of peace, voting for war in the present and peace in the future; he resigned on the refusal of the Chamber to recognize the election of Garibaldi for Algiers; he lost his eldest son Charles, who died of congestion in a hackney-coach; and shortly after the funeral he went to Brussels, where his presence was required at some legal formalities in the interest of the two fatherless little ones. He was at Brussels at the close of the insurrection in Paris in May, 1871, and he protested against the action of the Belgian government in refusing an asylum to the fugitive Communists—an imprudent proceeding on his part, which led to his house being mobbed at night, and to his being commanded to leave the kingdom immediately, and forbidden to re-enter it in future under severe penalties. He had other troubles of a public and private nature (among the last the death of his only surviving son François in 1873), but they need not be dwelt upon here, for it is not in Victor Hugo as a Frenchman, the most conspicuous perhaps of the last half-century, that we are interested now, but in Victor Hugo as a writer, the most astonishing and most prolific of the age, the idol of his countrymen, and the acknowledged master of Europe. His latest works are *The Terrible Year* (1872), *Ninety-Three* (1873), *Acts and Words* (1874), *My Sons* (1875), a second series of *Legends of the Ages* (1877), *The Art of Being a Grandfather* (1877), *The History of a Crime* (1877), *The Pope* (1878), *The Supreme Pity* (1879), and *The Four Winds of the Spirit* (1881).


WOODS AND CONES AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
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2
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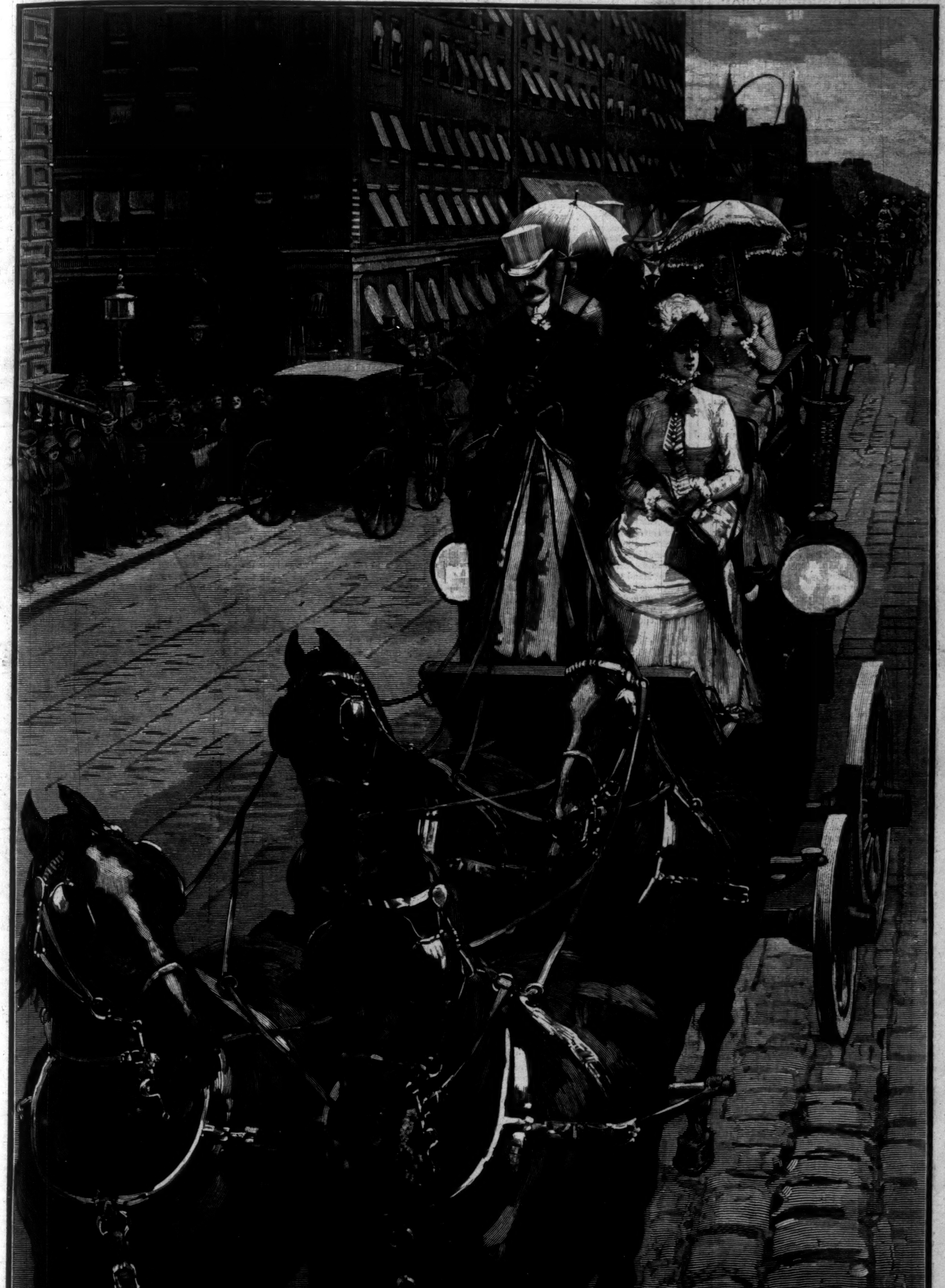
6
7
C. Graham

THE JESUP COLLECTION OF AMERICAN WOODS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 350.]

1. "Toothache-Tree" (Prickly Ash). 2. Giant Cactus. 3. An Excrescence. 4. Parkinsonia Microphylla. 5. Bull Pine. 6. Yucca Baccata. 7. Spanish-Bayonet.



PARADE OF THE NEW YORK COACHING CLUB, MAY 23.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 347.]

A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION.

IT was a lovers' quarrel.

To be sure, they were not accepted lovers in the sight of society. The affair had not reached the point of an announced engagement, with its flutter of congratulations and gossip, its theoretical bondage to sentiment, and its actual license for outside flirtation. It was still in the misty and moonlight period, without an avowal from one to the other, much less recognition by the chattering world about them.

But they were lovers, if yet silent ones, and this was a lovers' quarrel, proved such by its flippant and altogether illogical cause, and by the conviction which each felt that now the world had indeed come to an end, and life was no longer worth living. This gloomy view of nature was acknowledged by neither except in their more solitary moments, and did not, moreover, interfere with their duties to themselves as component parts of the gay society in which they had danced and laughed through the winter, and were now preparing to idle and sport through the summer. Maud Stratton was still the life of the theatre parties, and Alec Sanderson led the last german of the season with all his usual versatile and picturesque ingenuity. No one suspected that to them the heavens were hung with black, and that the hearts which thumped so healthily under corsage and waistcoat respectively were seared and blighted organs. Perhaps Alec smoked more cigars than he would have recommended to one of his patients, and perhaps Maud was a little sharp at times with the younger scion of the house of Stratton, whose knickerbockers were always perversely walking into mischief, and from whose tongue the freshest slang rippled with precocious fluency; but otherwise they gave no sign.

The young doctor was a distant cousin of the family—near enough to be received on terms of conceded kinship, and yet not so near as to preclude the idea of a close relation with his brilliant cousin Maud. This idea was not late in taking root under the vivifying influence of Maud's charms. And if the young man did not for a long time suspect it himself, neither did his cousin, nor, perhaps, even the watchful mother. As for the easy-going head of the house, Mr. Stratton, had he known what was growing up under his eyes, he would have approved in a business as well as a social way. For while he had riches, he had none too much to care for the future of a family whose eldest son, some two years younger than Maud, was yet to be educated and started in life, with the juvenile wearer of the knickerbockers to follow, and a late-come baby completing the tale. He would therefore be not strenuously averse were his daughter to satisfy her own fancy by choosing a fine fellow like her cousin the doctor, who was not only well spoken of in his profession, but who was beyond the reach of perverse fortune by reason of the recent reversion of certain trusts on whose income two maiden aunts had subsisted in affluent comfort until called to immortality.

As for the other members of the family, not considering the baby, who could hardly be expected to have a well-defined opinion on the subject, the cessation of Alec Sanderson's visits was a cause of regret to Harry Stratton, who was about to enter a technological school, and who missed the sympathy and the suggestions of the doctor in the many experiments in amateur science with which he made dirt and smells throughout the house. While Reginald, the younger, having formed for his cousin one of those childish aversions whose origin is as unaccountable as their demonstration is emphatic and bitter, was more than satisfied that he now came so seldom to the house, and that when he did come he rather avoided than monopolized the attention of Maud, over whom the youngster asserted his own peculiar right to tyrannize, after the manner of his kind.

Thus matters stood at the time when the family made its annual migration from the house in town to the house by the sea. It was an old mansion-house when Mr. Stratton purchased the worn-out farm on the north shore, stretching from the turnpike through the woods to the bay, and transformed the fields into lawns, and the sturdy and spacious dwelling into a marvel of modern Queen Annery. The plain old gables had twisted themselves in antic fashion under the hand of the architect, cathedral glass fought with the sunlight, impracticable balconies jutted from the upper stories under overhanging eaves, and broad piazzas grew from the sides like fungi on a tree trunk. A broad hall, open to the sunlight and the breeze from ample entrances, occupied the centre of the building from front to rear. Cool drawing-rooms on either side, with wide and high modern fire-places, where in the chill days of spring, and again in the fall, there blazed as worthy an imitation of an old-fashioned log fire as our modern degeneracy can produce; the music-room, with Maud's piano, the library, the dining-room, looking to the east and south, completed the plan of the main building; while beyond were the kitchen and laundry and dairy rooms, and, apart from the rest, Harry's special domain, which he called his laboratory, with the dark room for photography, which was at this time his immediate infatuation.

Here they had been established in their summer home for more than two weeks. The season's gayety had not yet begun, and Maud had found little to divert her from thinking her own thoughts very industriously, with the result that now she announced to herself her established conviction that she was altogether in the right and Cousin Alec altogether in the wrong—foolishly wrong—and that she was rather glad—yes, very glad indeed—that she would see no more of him until October. To be sure, the city was not a nice place in the summer-time, and if he staid and walked the hospital, as he said he intended—no, she couldn't pity him—he deserved it, he was so foolish, so cruel! She would never think differently—not if the summer were a hundred years long. And, oh dear! it seemed a century already.

Meantime Dr. Alec had also been thinking out things for himself, and he thought them over again as he smoked the last of too many cigars before turning into bed. His hospital duties were only those of a temporary substitute, occupying a few hours on two days of the week, so that he had plenty of leisure for meditation. And the conclusion at which he arrived this evening had a converse likeness to that which Maud had reached. She was in the wrong, of course; but he had no idea that a sensible girl would take offense at an opposition so reasonable on his part. It was, perhaps, well that he should see no more of her for a while. She was not suffering, evidently; and as for him, he could get along. There was nothing peculiarly necessary to his existence in those especial blue eyes, that sunny hair—

In short, the young man argued so well with himself that he closed by then and there writing three several letters to Miss Maud Stratton, each of which he successively destroyed as unsatisfactory, on the fourth attempt producing an epistle in which self-abasement was not too prominent, but which made sufficiently evident the fact that amnesty, if not too late to be obtained, was the only condition attached to his surrender. It was a fit ending for a lovers' quarrel, if, indeed, it should be the end. And he put on his hat, and posted it as the bells pealed midnight.

To Maud, lazily swinging under the big beeches, with one little slipper peering through the meshes of the hammock, came Reginald with the morning's mail.

“Lots of 'em to-day, sis,” seating himself on the grass, and emptying the bag between his black-stockinged legs. “Here's one for Mrs. James W. Stratton, and another one, and one for Miss Catherine Elizabeth Sheehan — who's that?”

“Kate, in the kitchen. Let me take the letters, Regy,” said Maud.

“Wait till the clouds roll by,” calmly replied the boy, hitching along out of the reach of Maud's extended arm, and continuing the process of assortment. “Another for mamma, and two for you, and one for Harry—no, it's for you, and this one's for Harry; but the same girl wrote both of 'em. See!”—and he held the letters just out of reach—“the same seal on both, too. What does ‘S’ stand for, Maud? Open yours, and let's see who's been writing to Harry.”

The hammock nearly spilled its dainty occupant as, with something like a flush spreading over her cheeks, she reached her hand for the letter.

“Run along, Regy, and take mamma's mail to her. Don't bother. Give me mine, and run along.”

“Oh, you're too fly altogether,” retorted the child, as he tossed Maud's letters into her lap, and turned toward the house.

It was with a fluttering sensation underneath the lavender and white folds of her morning dress that Maud broke the seal of Dr. Alec's letter, and as she read, the soft light of a gentle triumph shone from her eyes, and a little laugh, with just the suggestion of a sob in it, quivered from her round throat and parted her lips.

“Poor Alec! how lonesome he must be!” the girl murmured to herself. “So proud, too; and so generous to take all the blame on himself, when I have been so foolish and hasty! But he deserved it. He ought to be made to wait before he can come back. How long shall I make him wait to teach him his lesson? Oh dear! how long can I wait for it? Poor Alec!” and she gave the folded letter a caressing pat and tucked it away in a safe place, while, gathering the others in her hand, she slipped from the hammock and went to her own room.

Had Maud yielded to the impulse of her own desires, the return mail would have carried to Alec Sanderson his pardon and recall. But what would he think if she were to throw herself at him in such a way—if she were to travel half the road to meet the penitent? No; there must be something of discipline in this business of reconciliation. But how long—or how short—was this discipline to be made?

Fortunately for Maud, events took the decision out of her hands. It was at the breakfast table on the morning following her receipt of Alec's letter of surrender.

“Mother,” remarked Mr. Stratton, “you don't use the horses enough. We must have some one out here to help you. Why don't you ask Alec Sanderson? He is a favorite of yours; but his hospital, or something else, seems to have kept him away from us for a long while.”

“He won't come,” interjected Reginald from behind his napkin.

“I think he would,” said Harry. “He has just sent me the formula of a new developer for instantaneous plates, and he wrote that he wasn't very busy, only he has to be at the hospital regularly twice a week. He'll come, father.”

“Hadn't you better drop him a line, mother? Scold him a little for slighting us,” said Mr. Stratton.

“He won't come,” repeated Reginald.

“Maud,” said Mrs. Stratton, “you are my amanuensis. Write a line to your cousin to-day in my name, and invite him to come and stay a week with us.”

“Yes, mother,” answered Maud, who had appeared strangely indifferent to this conversation, and the subject dropped.

Formal even to primness was the note which Maud addressed to Dr. Sanderson, inviting him in her mother's name to visit Bushwood. It was snugly in its envelope, and Maud sat with the wax and seal poised in either hand. Should that be all? Her heart overcame her scruples.

“He sha'n't be bothered any longer,” she said; and taking the note from its envelope, she added, just underneath her signature: “I have got your letter. Come.”

She sealed it quickly, lest there should come repentance of her act, and, singing as she went, she tripped down the old-fashioned staircase and placed the letter, with the rest of the day's contributions to the mail, on the table in the wide hall, whence John would take them when driving to the three-o'clock train for Mr. Stratton. Still softly singing, she drew her chair out on the piazza in front of the wide-open doorway, and seating herself, extracted from its hiding-place about her person the letter which she had received from Alec the day before, and re-read it with a smile flickering about her eyes. It was a pretty picture. The sunlight flooded everything, but softly and without glare; the wide hall opening through to the lawn beyond showed not only the artistic interior, but a view of trees and sky beyond. The bright-faced girl seated in graceful posture added the one element of life needful to complete the scene.

“Sit just where you are, Maud.” It was the voice of Harry, who had come around the house from his laboratory, armed with all the paraphernalia of the amateur photographer. “You couldn't compose better. I've taken the house from the driveway, and now I want a view of this side. Sit still. It won't take a second. I'm trying my hemispherical Darlot with some of those new instantaneous plates, and they go with a snap.”

So saying, the photographic enthusiast planted his tripod, focussed the scene, slipped in his plates, and with a snap, as he had said, it was done.

“Is that all?” asked Maud.

“Wait a minute more. I want two negatives.”

“Must I sit perfectly still? May I wink?” playfully inquired Maud, who, with that letter in her hand, felt kindly disposed to all the world, brothers included.

“Don't get up and walk around, that's all, or you might get on the plate in the shape your pony did yesterday, with all his feet off the ground at once. This instantaneous work catches everything.”

Click! The sun's rays had flashed another picture on the sensitive plate, and with a “Thank you, Maud,” the young photographer picked up his traps and sought other fields. Maud still sat in the balmy, sunshiny air, thinking and thinking. When she at last arose and passed through the hall the letters were gone from the table. John had taken them to the mail. It was later than she had thought. And, still thinking, she went upstairs to dress.

The next day passed in waiting. The next in expectation. The third day her mother asked,

“Maud, did you write Cousin Alec, as I asked you on Monday?”

“Yes, mother; the letter went by the afternoon mail,” replied Maud, avoiding her mother's eye.

It was near the end of the week that Mr. Stratton happened to remember something in a vague way.

“Where's Alec Sanderson?” he asked, when the dessert was on the table.

“Maud sent him an invitation from me on Monday,” said her mother. “We have had no reply.”

“I hope he isn't sick,” replied Mr. Stratton.

“He won't come; I told you so,” put in Reginald, in fruity tones, caused by the mingling of banana and articulation. “He doesn't want to come,” he added.

Maud crimsoned just a shade. This cruel suspicion had already come to torment her. Why did he not come? Why should he not want to come? There was only one explanation, and that brought hot tears to her hotter cheeks as she whispered it to herself in the solitude of her own chamber. She had shocked him by her forwardness. This was her explanation. She had run to him more than half-way. She had shown herself too ready, too anxious, to accept his excuses and give him free pardon. She had humiliated herself in his eyes, and, oh! so much more in her own! Oh, the shame of it!

Then would come a spasm of indignation. Why should this young man treat her mother with discourtesy, even if he despised the immodest daughter? It was the mother's invitation which he put by without answer, not the poor little tender folly which the daughter had added in a moment of madness.

And then she came back to the same point again. He can't help it. There is only one way, and that is for him to forget us all—to forget first the girl who ran too eagerly at his first whistle.

And so the poor girl tortured her white soul with dark accusations against herself.

Life went on just as usual. The shore became more populous and gay. There were visits between villa and mansion and beach house. The coaching club came out once, and when the yacht squadron was becalmed in the bay there was a garden party. There were drives inland, and there were water excursions. And on one of these last there came an incident in Maud's little drama.

The yacht's tender had been sent ashore near Point of Rocks for milk or some other lacking necessary, and Reginald had insisted upon making the trip with the men. Once ashore, he continued the pursuit of an elusive crab directly into a deep pool, at whose steeply shelving sides, tapestried with slippery weed, he vainly grasped in the attempt to save himself. An incoming wave soused him under and whirled off his hat on its retreating sweep. Again he clutched the slimy sea growth as he rose, only to find his hands slide over it, and down he went with a strangling scream. Then there came a splash beside him, greater than his own fall had made, and his slight body was borne up by strong arms until both he and his rescuer were dragged out. And, although the scared yacht hands made all haste to get their drenched charge back into the hands of his parents on board, Reginald had time enough to note and ponder upon the fact that the man who jumped into the water after him, who pulled him out, and who wrung out his jacket, choked him with brandy from a flask in his pocket, and made him feel something like a boy again, was his detested cousin Alec Sanderson.

This simple fact, without comment, he stated when again on board the yacht; and then he was silent. Silence and meditation were, in fact, his condition for the rest of the day, while a yet graver mood fell upon Maud. For here was the proof of her worst surmise. Alec Sanderson was not dead; he was not even ill; he had slighted and spurned her with deliberation. In the place of her invitation he had accepted the hospitality of others. And her face grew hot at thought of what she had done.

The day following there came a dismal easterly storm. The piazza was deserted, and Maud sat with the baby in front of a light blaze kindled in the library fire-place to relieve the chill of the mist-laden wind from the sea. Reginald had shown such an unaccountable meekness, a sort of depressed self-introspection, since his adventure of the day before that he was reported ill and left in bed. Harry had seized the opportunity, since the light was insufficient for out-door photography, to develop some of the many plates which had accumulated on his hands. Just then he presented himself at the library door.

“Look here, Maud,” he cried, holding between her eyes and the light a plate still dripping from its laboratory bath, “I have just developed that instantaneous I took of you out on the piazza. The detail hasn't come out very well, but look in the hall there, and tell me what you see.”

“Somebody standing there, isn't it?” said Maud, regarding a cloudy figure that showed against the more distinct picture of the sun-lighted hall.

“Somebody? Maud, do you believe in spirit photography? Weren't you thinking of some one pretty hard when I took this picture? See how that figure stands right behind you, and reaches out its arm toward you. You called up a ghost, surely, that time? Who is it?”

Maud knew very well of whom she was thinking “pretty hard” that day, and she shivered a little at the recollection. There, in the picture, she sat, with his letter begging forgiveness crumpled in her hand. There, too, in the open hall, was the table on which she had placed the message of pardon, and beside it stood this shadow with outstretched hand.

“I don't know, Harry,” she said, wearily. “But it makes a pretty picture of the house.”

“Well, I don't believe in spirit photography, either,” returned the amateur scientist; “but I'm going to bring out whatever is in the other plate, so that we can see who it is in the hall there. I'll give it a scientific demonstration. Cousin Alec's new developer will do it, if anything will.”

Maud put the sleeping baby on his couch, and returned to her seat in front of the fire, leaning her head on her hand. But no wonder she started when, turning at a light touch on her shoulder, she saw standing there, after a noiseless entrance, the usually obstreperous Reginald, clothed, but evidently not in his right mind, inasmuch as his mien was penitent and his utterance subdued.

“Why, Regy, I thought you were sick!” exclaimed his sister.

“No, I ain't much sick,” replied the boy; “I came down to tell you something, sis. I wanted to tell you on the yacht, but there were so many around.” He shifted from one foot to the other. “I wanted to tell you ever since he jumped into the water and pulled me out over there at the Point of Rocks.”

Maud's heart began to thump a little as the boy hesitated in this, to him, unfamiliar and difficult task of confession. She put her arm gently about him.

“What is it, Regy dear?”

“I used to think he was a flub, but don't now; and, oh, sis! I'm so sorry—”

“Here, Maud, I've got it!” cried Harry, bursting in with the second negative in his hand. “Just see how the detail comes out! You can look right through the house and see the tennis-court on the other side. And there's the table in the hall with your hat on it, and there's the ghost, as plain as life, alongside.”

“Why, it's you, Regy!” exclaimed Maud.

Cousin Alec's developer had indeed brought out with startling clearness what the quick lens had caught in that instant of exposure; and there, on the dull gray glass plate was the picture of Reginald, knickerbockers and all, one foot lifted as if hastily turning away, and a bit of white something in his hand. One glance the boy gave at the negative, and then he buried his little, close-cropped head on his sister's shoulder.

“It's me,” he whispered. “It's me when I stole your letter to Cousin Alec. That's what I wanted to tell you. I said he wouldn't come, and I didn't want him to come, and I knew that was the letter mamma told you to write, and I took it so he wouldn't come. I didn't think you could see me.” It was all out now, and the boy was sobbing.

“Oh, Regy! Regy!” cried Maud.

“The little scamp!” ejaculated the less tender-hearted brother, under his breath. “What did you do with the letter, Reg?”

“Here it is.” And without lifting his head he produced it, with accompaniment of fish-line and sinkers, from the depth of a pocket. “I wanted to send it, but I kept it so long I was afraid to. Can't you send it to him now, sis?”

“Let me have it,” said Harry. “I shall write to him to-day, at the Point of Rocks, to tell him how his new developer works, and I'll inclose it, and tell him all about it.”

“He'll wish he'd let me drown,” sobbed the owner of the knickerbockers.

“Oh, I won't be harder on you than you deserve,” replied Harry.

Maud thanked her brother with her eyes. "Send the letter just as it is. I wouldn't open it," she said.

The letter was sent, and Harry explained it so well that the next evening saw Dr. Sanderson seated at dinner with the family at Bushwood. As for the two persons most intimately concerned in Harry's scientific demonstrations, it needed only that the doubts and pains which each had suffered in the past month of misunderstanding should be thus swept away to precipitate the inevitable in the revulsion of feeling that followed.

"Were you really so unhappy all this time?" asked Maud, at the end of the fiftieth mutual explanation.

"One can forget the penance in such absolution as this," replied Alec. And he kissed the eyelids that drooped over those blue eyes, unresisting.

Frederick Tryon.

A PAINTER OF BATTLE.

Another great light of the European art world has gone out. Not long ago it was **Makart** in Austria, and then **Bastien-Lepage** in France; but the other day it was **André Gill**, the famous French caricaturist. Now it is **Alphonse Marie de Neuville**, the first battle painter of his generation, and, many think, of his age. He died in Paris on the 19th of the month, after a short illness, in his forty-ninth year. He was the pictorial poet of the Franco-German war, many of the most dramatic incidents of which he painted with the brush of a master. **Détaille** and others have reproduced many of its scenes with fidelity and success, but none painted them with such dramatic vigor of composition, such an appreciation of striking pictorial qualities, such a life-like quality of movement, and such verity of types.

De Neuville died in harness. He had to give up work when about to complete one of his remarkable pictures of the war of 1870, in which he took part, like so many of his brothers in art. "Le Parlementaire" ("The Bearer of a Flag of Truce"), as it is called, which we reproduce, was intended for the Salon now open in Paris. This, the artist's last work, apparently would have proved one of his most successful ones. The subject is essentially dramatic. A German officer, accompanied by a bugler and a flag-bearer of lancers—all three blindfolded—has just entered a fortified and besieged French town, under guard of a French officer and a small detachment. Back of the party are the gate through which it has passed and the ramparts. Down the street they come, tramping through the half-melted snow, past the ruined and still smoking houses, watched on the way to the French head-quarters by a few soldiers and inhabitants. Of the dramatic scene on their left the three Germans see nothing, though it is probable they hear the commotion and a wild woman's voice. She has evidently been made a widow by the bombardment, and with one child in her arms, and another clinging to her skirts, shakes a fist with an angry woman's vehemence at those whom she considers her husband's murderers. The contrast between the two groups in the quality of movement, which in **De Neuville**'s early days **Delacroix** advised him to study above all things, is very fine. This picture would have marked the painter's re-appearance at the Salon, from which his works had been missed for four years.

De Neuville made a very successful début at the great annual French art display in 1859, when he was twenty-three years old, with "The Fifth Battalion of Chasseurs at the Gervais Battery," which brought him a medal of the third class. He had entered his chosen profession after much discouragement and difficulty. He was born at St. Omer, not far from Calais, and his family, being of good position and well off, wished him to adopt the diplomatic or some other official career. The son persisted, however, and the father allowed him to enter the studio of **Picot**. **De Neuville** remained but a short time in **Picot**'s studio, and then set to work by himself. In 1860 he went to Italy to paint, on an order, a large picture, which had little success, of the taking of Naples by **Garibaldi**. In 1861 his "Chasseurs of the Guard in the Trenches of the Mamelon Vert" secured a medal of the second class at the Salon, and in 1864 his "The Attack on the Streets of Magenta by the Chasseurs and Zouaves of the Guard" was bought for his native town.

When war was declared between France and Germany the painter accepted a commission, and was a witness of the fights at Champigny and Le Bourget. Not long ago he painted with **Détaille** a panorama of the former battle, while the latter one furnished the subject of his first picture of the war, in "The Bivouac before Le Bourget," exhibited in 1872, and now in the museum at Dijon. There he also found the subject of his largest picture in this country, the masterpiece called "Le Bourget," which is in Mr. **Vanderbilt**'s gallery. It represents the heroic defense of a church by a handful of French officers and men. In 1873 appeared the great popular and artistic success "The Last Cartridges." This brought the Legion of Honor. Other prominent exhibits were, in 1875, "The Attack on a Barricaded House at Villersexel"; in 1877, "The Foot-Bridge of the Railway Station at Styring—Battle of Forbach"; and in 1881, after his works had been excluded from the Salon for a few years on account of the government's policy toward Germany, what proved his last exhibits, "The Cemetery of St.-Privat," and "A Bearer of Dispatches," which is now in this country. "On the Road to German Prisons" is another well-known example. The artist painted a number of scenes on the coast at Yport, which had not the success of his military works. He produced two pictures of the Zulu War, "The Defense of Rorke's Drift" and "Saving the Queen's Colors." Before he began to make money, as well as fame, by his pictures, **De Neuville** did much illustrating, and is said to have been almost as prolific in that line as **Doré**. His principal work was the illustration of **Guizot**'s *History of France*. Two years ago he became a member of the French Water-color Society.

STEEPLE-CHASING AT ROCKAWAY.

The recent meeting of the Rockaway Steeplechase Association at Cedarhurst, Long Island, was one of the most successful meetings of its kind ever held in this country. The three regular days of racing attracted such a good attendance that the Executive Committee found it advisable to add an extra day, which also drew a large assembly to the course. The attendance on the first day was very large, and pickpockets hastened to take advantage of the opportunity. They found that their advent was awaited by several detectives, and before they had relieved many persons of their winnings they were in durance vile in the club's plunge bath, no better jail being ready. Curious people stared at them a good deal, and made them feel unhappy, and a Long Island justice of the peace subsequently meted out punishment to them.

Perhaps no feature of the meeting stood out more strongly than the horsemanship of the gentlemen riders. There were several startling falls, in which horses and men were sadly mixed up; but the professional jockeys were the subjects of these mishaps, except on the last day, when Hobson's Choice gently deposited his owner, Mr. **Stanley Mortimer**, on the turf, and on a previous day, when Mr. **Latrobe** got a light fall. The gentlemen riders showed to excellent advantage with the professionals, and in the last race of the meeting Mr. **Dalmas**'s feat of beating the favorite with a despised animal was greeted with roars of applause. One of the finest bits of horsemanship in the meeting was exhibited by Mr. J. D. **Cheever**, President of the Association, on the last day. In taking the turf jump opposite the grand stand Mr. **Cheever**'s horse struck the top of the bank with his fore-feet. He stumbled, and reached the ground with his fore-knees bent, nearly pitching forward on his head. Mr. **Cheever** was almost unseated, but recovered himself with an effort, and lifted the horse to his feet. This performance was in sharp contrast to that of the jockey who on the first day carried his horse to a jump in such bad style that the animal, striking the ground on the other side, turned a complete somersault. The riding of Messrs. **George Work**, W. K. **Thorne**, T. **Hitchcock**, Jun., and N. G. **Lorillard** compared very favorably with that of the professionals, and showed that the members of the club were fully competent to carry out their designs in regard to improving the steeple-chasing of the country and training horses especially for it.

GUARDING THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

The arrest of United States Consul **Wright**, and of officers of the Pacific Steam-ship Company at Colon, and the destruction of that city, including property of American citizens, on March 31, by the rebel chief **Prestan**, caused the Secretary of the Navy to dispatch to the Central American isthmus a force of marines and sailors to aid Commander **Kane**, of the *Galena*, in the protection of citizens of the United States and their property. On April 7 the Pacific steam-ship *Acapulco*, with 250 marines, 140 "blue-jackets," and 20 officers, sailed for Colon from New York. The fleet that was ordered to the isthmus under the command of Admiral **Jouett** consisted of the *Tennessee*, the flag-ship, the *Yantic*, the *Swatara*, the *Alliance*, the *Powhatan*, the *Shenandoah*, and the *Galena*. The marines were equipped with 450 tents, stores for two months, and batteries of Gatling and Hotchkiss and three-inch rifle guns.

Admiral **Jouett** arrived at Colon from New Orleans on April 11, and one day later the first battalion of marines arrived. They immediately proceeded to open the railroad across the isthmus to Panama, and to keep it open. Two trains were equipped and dispatched, the first consisting of six passenger cars and one mail car, with an iron-armored car at either end. The marines occupied the cars in such a position as to be able at the shortest command to get out and form a line of battle.

The next day, April 12, they were comfortably established in a warehouse, which they had turned into barracks, just outside the limits of Panama. Six times a day, three times each way, the road was patrolled by train guards of ten men, under the command of a commissioned officer, and the patrol was often accompanied by a larger force of "blue-jackets," with an armored car and a battery. Thus the road across the isthmus was kept open, and the marines in barracks at Panama awaited dangerous developments of the insurrection on the Pacific side. Provisions were sent from Panama along the whole line, and the men were kept in excellent health by the daily use of quinine, and by drinking only distilled water.

The arrival of the *Acapulco* placed a strong force of United States marines on the isthmus. Two battalions were now stationed at Colon, on the Atlantic side, consisting of 274 marines and 140 sailors, with a battery of Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, under the command of Captain **Higbee**; at Matuchin, the inland station, there were 150 men, with a battery; and at Panama Colonel **Heywood** had 320 marines and 50 sailors. He commanded all the approaches to the railroad and the canal property, but he did not occupy the town.

The United States forces held these positions, keeping the road open to traffic, and guarding the property, until April 24. Then there was imminent danger at Panama of such a catastrophe as had befallen Colon. The rebel general **Aizpuru** began to erect barricades in the streets, and a battle with the national forces was threatened, which would most likely have resulted in the destruction of the town. Commander **McCalla** marched the battalion of marines into Panama, took possession of the town, and arrested **Aizpuru**. He was so overcome with humiliation that he fainted in the street. On April 29 Admiral **Jouett** arranged a conference of the commander of the national forces and **Aizpuru** inside the admiral's lines, at which **Aizpuru** made an unconditional surrender. The town of Panama was saved from destruction, and regained by the national forces. The rebellion was then practically suppressed, except in the region of Cartagena. The road across the isthmus was free from danger, and a part of the marines soon returned to the United States.

THE COACHING PARADE.

People who delight in sharp contrasts should read Mr. **Thomas Hughes**'s description of Tom Brown's ride to Rugby, perched on the top of a jolting coach, and not half protected from the cold by a short Petersham coat, and then come to New York and become spectators of the annual parade of the Coaching Club. Tom Brown rode, like that Yale crew which has passed into history, to "get there"; the members of the Coaching Club ride to show how the refinement of modern taste can convert a primitive and disagreeable mode of travel into a polite amusement. The coaching revival of twenty years ago in England was followed by a like revival in this country. Only one or two American amateurs, however, have gone the length of driving coaches for pay from their passengers, though this degree of enthusiasm was at one time attained by a considerable number of noble English whips. Of all the bright scenes one may see on Fifth Avenue, none is more picturesque than the annual procession of the coaches. The start, which has usually been made from Madison Square, was this year altered, and the "meet" changed to the comparative seclusion of the **Webster** statue in Central Park, to which the coaches repaired singly, taking Fifth Avenue as the last stage of the procession, and returning to the Hotel Brunswick for dinner. There were eleven coaches in the line this year, and the anxiety of the owners, who are also their drivers, to be as well "turned out" as their fellow-members in respect of horses and coaches and appointments is at least as keen as the rivalry of their female guests in respect of coaching raiment. The men appear in the club uniform of bottle-green coats and white hats. The horses are of the best for the purpose that can be bred or imported, as is shown by the exhibits of members of the Coaching Club at the annual horse show.

ODLUM'S LAST LEAP.

The fatal leap of **Robert Emmet Odlum**, the famous swimmer, from the Brooklyn Bridge, has made his name familiar to the whole country, and a portrait of him in the uniform of a Washington military company, from a photograph taken within a few months, is given on page 341. **Odlum** was born near Ogdensburg, New York, and was thirty-three years old. He was an almost perfect specimen of manly strength and grace, and was one of the best fancy swimmers in the world, being able, among other things, to swim freely with his hands tied behind his back and his feet lashed together. As a means of livelihood he gave exhibitions of his skill in the water, and conducted a swimming school in Washington. Emulous of the fame of **Sam Patch**, who died while jumping over Genesee Falls, **Odlum** began to jump into water from great heights, and several years ago he jumped 110 feet from the mast of a vessel in the Potomac. His method was to fully inflate his lungs, so that he would not need to breathe during the flight. Instead of plunging or dropping, he simply stepped off the height, and kept one hand extended above his head. **Odlum** declared that by using this hand as a sort of rudder he could maintain a perfectly perpendicular position while falling.

When he made his last leap he was pale, but very calm. At least three thousand persons witnessed the spectacle. For a hundred feet **Odlum** shot downward as straight as an arrow. A strong wind which was blowing on the surface of the river turned his body slightly. He seemed to feel that he had lost his balance, and threw the uplifted arm backward to recover his position. The motion threw his left leg outward, and **Odlum** struck the water upon his left hip and back. He was taken out of the water insensible. Within forty-three minutes the jumper died in great agony, having once opened his eyes and asked if he was successful. The autopsy showed that almost every important internal organ had been injured by the shock of the fall.

THE CHAMPION COURT TENNIS PLAYER.

The international court tennis match between the English champion, **George Lambert**, and the American champion, **Thomas Pettit**, of Boston, was begun on Monday, May 11, and concluded on Saturday, the 16th. At the beginning the English player gave promise of an easy victory. On the first day he won 3 of the 4 sets, and on the second day he won 2 of the 4. The score therefore stood in his favor, 5 to 3, and the American player seemed beaten. Both played so well that the contest became very exciting; and when the last day's playing was begun, and **Pettit** won the first set by 6 games to 2, and the second set by 6 games to 3, the score was even, and there were only two more sets to play. Then **Pettit** won the third set by 6 games to 3, yet leaving his competitor a chance to win as many sets as he had won; but the last set was barely won by the American by 6 games to 5. The score then stood—**Pettit**, 7; **Lambert**, 5. On May 19 **Pettit** played another match, with **Heathcote**, an English player, whom he easily defeated.

Thomas Pettit, now about 25 years of age, was born in England, but since his boyhood he has lived in Boston. He was for a long time marker of the game at the "court" there, and is now teacher and marker. In 1883 he won the championship of America by defeating **Boakes**, the Canadian champion. Last year **Pettit** went to England to play a match with **Lambert**, but **Lambert** was taken sick, and the contest was not finished. On March 22 of this year **Pettit** and **Boakes** played again, in Boston, and the Canadian won the match; but **Pettit** gave him such odds that this victory did not take away the championship from the Boston player, who, since his defeat of **Lambert**, is, of course, the champion court tennis player of the world. The game is a very difficult and a somewhat rare one, there being but two "courts" in this country—one at Boston and the other at Newport.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST RIEL.

Lieutenant **Arthur L. Howard** is a New Haven young man who has sprung suddenly into public notice by reason of his management of the Gatling gun platoon in the Northwest. He served five years in the United States cavalry prior to July 18, 1884, when he was made commander of the machine gun platoon of the Connecticut National Guard. Dr. R. J. **Gatling**, who knew Lieutenant **Howard** only by reputation, selected him as the man who could handle Gatling guns in the Northwest in a manner that would show them to the best advantage. Lieutenant **Howard** received a month's leave of absence, from April 1 to May 1, to accompany the guns. The leave has been extended. His rank is Second Lieutenant, commanding Machine Platoon, Second Regiment, C. N. G.

Lieutenant W. C. **Fitch**, who was killed at the capture of Batouche, was the only son of J. C. **Fitch**, of Toronto. He was born and educated in that city, and received his early military training in the Governor-General's Body-Guards. He was made a Lieutenant in the Tenth Royal Grenadiers a little more than a year ago. He then studied in the Infantry School, and received a commission. After that he became deeply interested in the welfare of the regiment. He was a member of several athletic and out-door organizations, including the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the Toronto Fencing Club. He was highly esteemed, not only by his brother officers, but by the members of Company No. 3 in the Grenadiers, which he commanded.

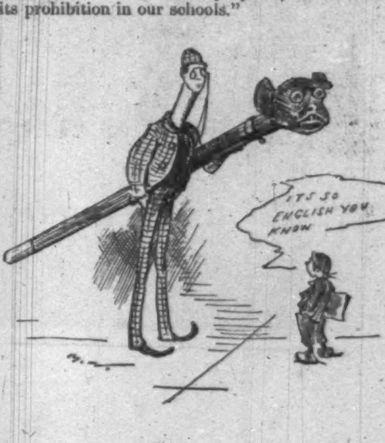
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

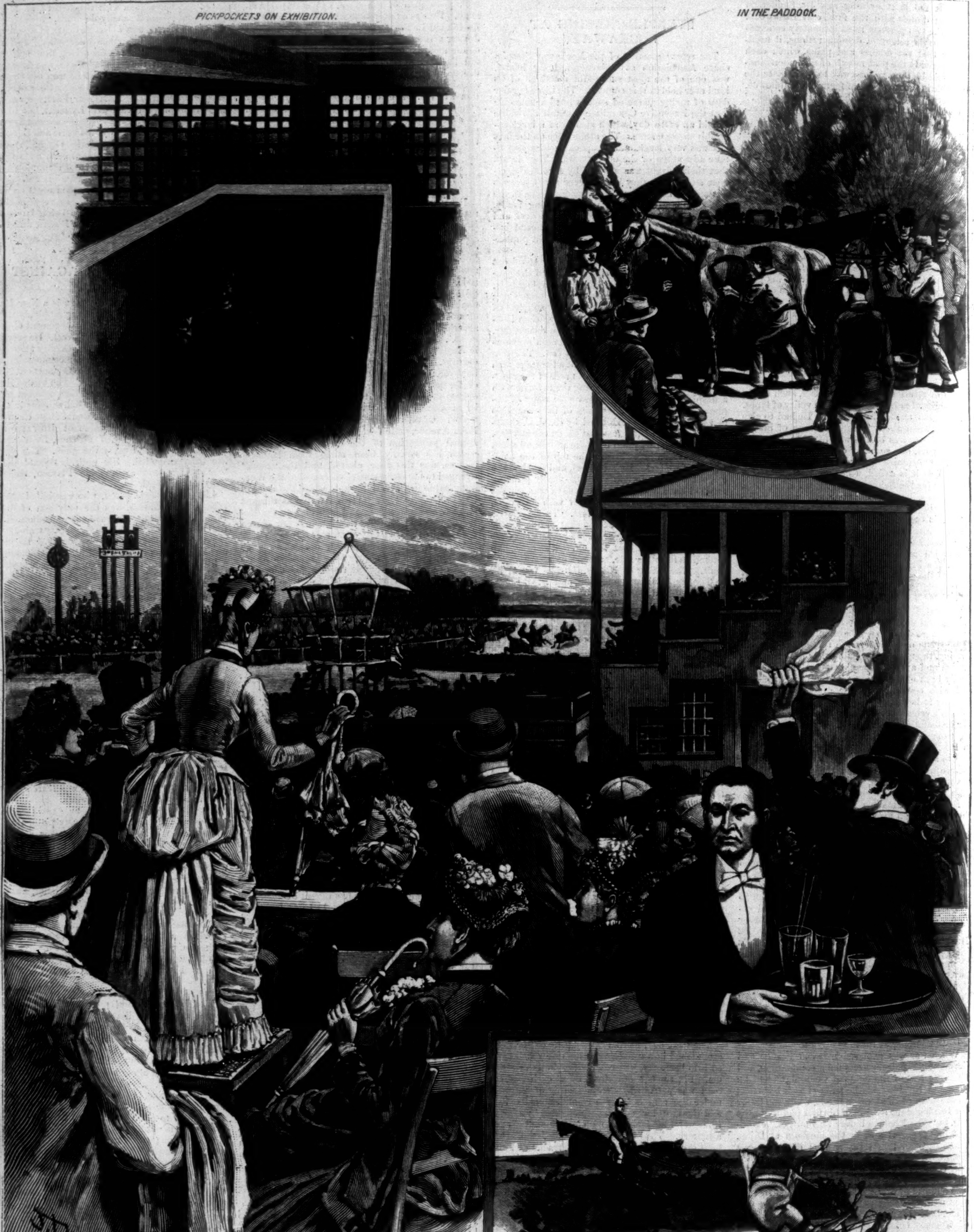
It is said that young ladies in Vienna wear their initials worked in silk and gold on the breasts of the jackets in which they appear in the streets. It is curious to consider from what beginnings fashions sometimes spring. Initials originally were restricted to handkerchiefs and such other small articles of clothing as it was feared might get mixed up and lost in the wash.

A man in Missouri found a rusty pistol among some traps which he was looking over, and laid it on a table in his bedroom just before retiring, intending to clean it in the morning. As he slept, a thunder-storm came on, and a flash of lightning touched off the pistol, the bullet from which passed through the sleeper's left hand, waking him up.

The spear which killed Colonel Burnaby consisted of a blade of razor sharpness, fourteen inches long and five inches wide, set upon a bamboo handle nine feet in length. Such is the weapon used by the Arab tribes about the Upper Nile.

The London *Lancet* publishes a list of the deaths and broken limbs that resulted from the game of foot-ball in Great Britain from October 6, 1884, to the 4th of April last. The list included only such cases as came under the observation of the writer, but it fills a space of about two inches of small agate type in an ordinary newspaper column. The *Lancet* says: "This list, which, of course, in no way represents the total amount of the season's foot-ball casualties, amply suffices to recall attention to the exceptionally dangerous nature of the game. The game requires reform; we say reform, because we think it would be unwise and, on the whole, undesirable to follow a recent American proposal, and demand its prohibition in our schools."


ITS SO ENGLISH YOU KNOW



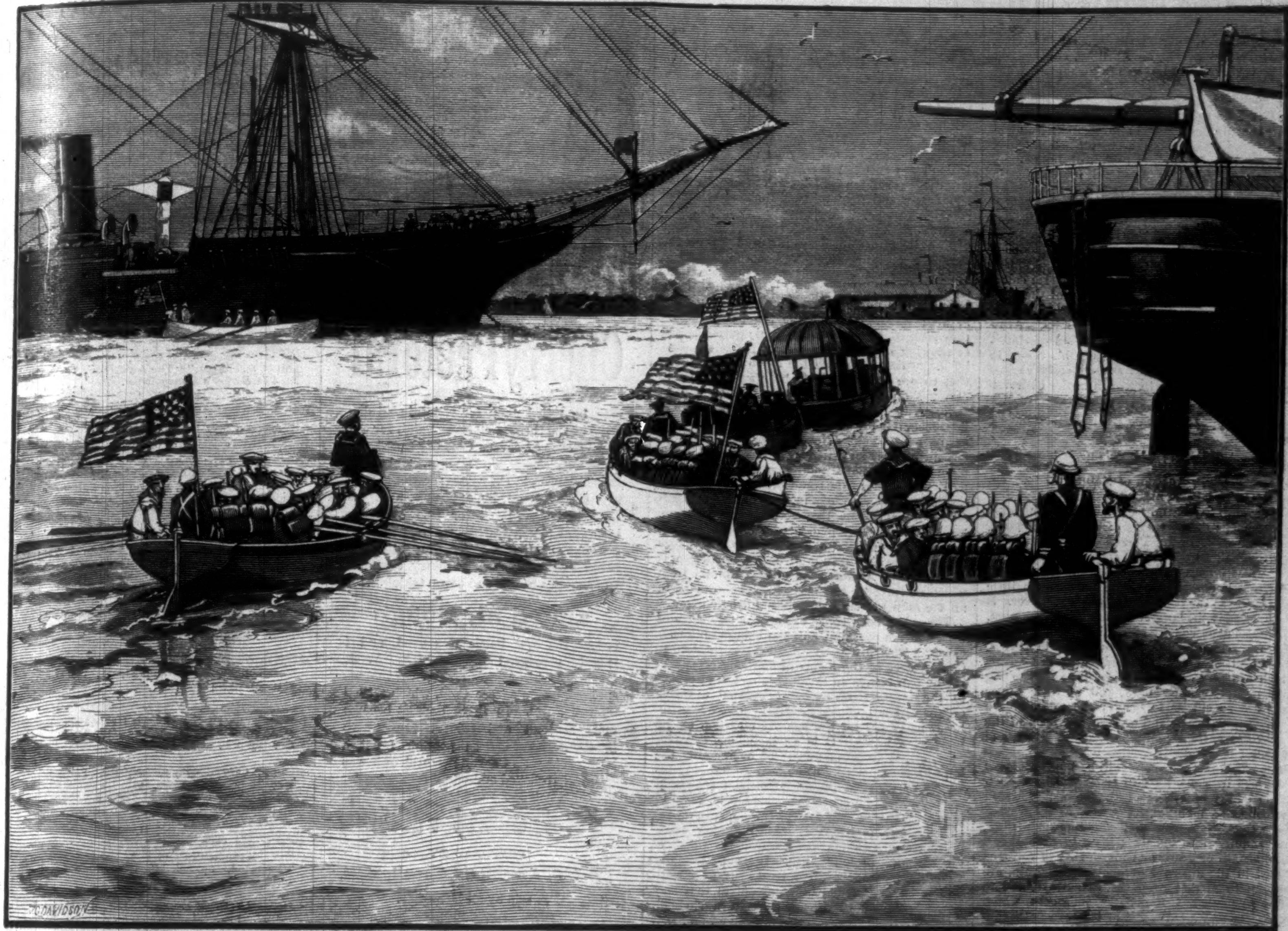
PICKPOCKETS ON EXHIBITION.

IN THE PADDOCK.

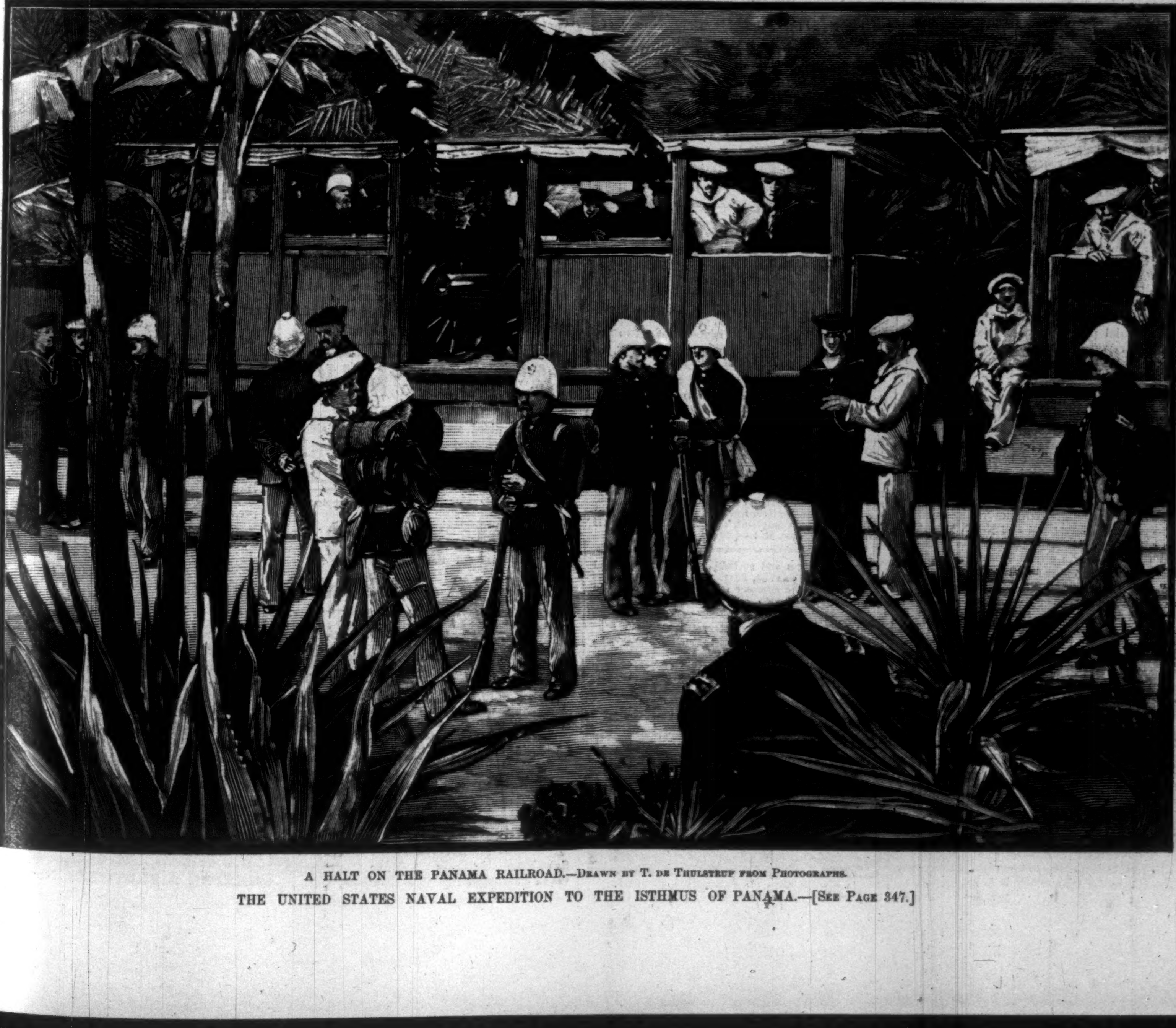
VIEW FROM THE CLUB HOUSE.

TURNING A SOMERSAULT.

THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB MEETING.—Drawn by J. Durkin.—[See Page 347.]



DISEMBARKING AT ASPINWALL.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson from Photographs.



A HALT ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL EXPEDITION TO THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—[See Page 347.]

MINISTER FEARN.

Mr. Walker Fearn, whom President Cleveland appointed United States Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia, on April 19, is a nephew of Pope Walker, who was a member of the Confederate Cabinet. He was born at Huntsville, Alabama, January 13, 1832, and was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1851. He showed a fondness for literary studies, and at an early age became an accomplished linguist. He studied law under the tuition of Judge John A. Campbell, and was admitted to practice in Mobile in 1853. The next year he went abroad, and filled the post of Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels. From 1856 to 1858 he was Secretary of the United States Legation in Mexico. Having had such experience in diplomacy, he was selected by the Confederate Government to go on a special mission to Europe. He entered actively into the military service of the Confederacy, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of General Preston. After peace was declared he resumed his long-interrupted practice of law, and made his home in New Orleans; but he was subsequently elected Professor of Spanish and Italian in the University of Louisiana.

AMERICAN WOODS.

The American Museum of Natural History, opposite Central Park, at Eighth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, now contains the collection of specimens of the woods of the United States, presented to it by its President, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of this city. The collection is one of very great importance from a scientific point of view, and is one also that will prove not a little interesting to the ordinary unskilled observer. It is arranged in the large lower hall of the museum. The specimens consist of sections of the trunks of trees, averaging three or four feet in height, and of planks or burls made of those woods which are of commercial importance. The log sections retain their bark, and at their upper ends are so cut as to display the grain of the wood longitudinally and crosswise. Some of the transverse surfaces, moreover, are bevelled, and of each cut surface half is polished and half left plain. The average visitor will be impressed and surprised by the beauty of some and by the extreme oddity of others of the specimens which the collection includes. The various coloring of the woods, often rich and sometimes startling, and running into the most delicate shades, and the strength or grace or whimsicality of form, as traced in the divers coursings of the grain, are matters to attract even the casual eye, and to stamp as absurd the hasty judgment which would say that a collection of logs can not be interesting.

The aim of Mr. Jesup in causing this unequalled collection to be made was the encouragement of a scientific study of trees and of scientific forestry. The conception of the collection was Mr. Jesup's, and was a result of an investigation of the forest growths of the country begun upward of five years ago by Professor C. S. Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, in Brookline, Massachusetts, the results of which were published in the reports of the Tenth Census. Professor Sargent had the direction of the work of forming the collection, the specimens of which were gathered by trained experts from all parts of the land, and he has prepared a manual, *The Woods of the United States*, which is a comprehensive guide to it. In an introduction to this work Professor Sargent tells us that the Jesup collection displays for the first time in a satisfactory manner the forest wealth of the United States. The forests of this country, he says, "are not surpassed by those of any other country in the variety and value of the timbers which they produce. Many of these are little known or appreciated commercially; and it was the belief of the founder of this collection that the opportunity it would afford to engineers, architects, and mechanics to examine specimens of the material produced by the forests of the whole country would be of great and immediate practical utility to the community, and that the presence of such a collection in the Museum of Natural History would facilitate the scientific and industrial study of the sylva of this country, and develop a popular interest in forests and forest science." Professor Sargent adds that "specimens of a few of the arborescent species of the United States have not yet been secured, and others are still in preparation. These will be added to the collection as soon as possible."

Professor Sargent's manual describes and the Jesup collection contains four hundred and twelve specimens of the forest trees of North America, exclusive of Mexico. The manual also includes tables relating to the physical properties of the woods displayed, prepared by Mr. S. P. Sharples, of Cambridge. Furthermore, there will go with the collection a series of water-color paintings, made from nature by Mrs. Sargent, and illustrating the fruit, flowers, and foliage of many of the trees represented. Some eighty of these paintings had been completed, and were exhibited at the opening of the Jesup collection to the public on May 18. They have won a great deal of praise for both their scientific and artistic value—a combination which, it is pointed out, is seldom encountered in avowedly scientific picturings. Finally, in the way of admirable assistance, Mr. C. E. Faxon, of the Arnold Arboretum, has arranged a herbarium of the trees of the United States, which, Professor Sargent points out, "will afford special students of dendrology an opportunity of critically studying the collection."

The Jesup collection has been accomplished with great industry and perseverance, and at a very large cost. It is a credit to the city, and a lasting testimonial to the wisdom and public spirit of the gentleman who caused it to be created.

HYGIENE VERSUS DRUGS.

The day of medical mystery and dosing with drugs is rapidly passing away, and an era has begun in which the intelligent portion of the community, at least, appreciates the fact that the average individual has only to live in harmony with natural laws to enjoy the blessings of good health. The doctor of the future is to be the teacher of hygiene rather than to serve the public as a prescriber of drugs. The proprietary medicine-business is not as good as it used to be. It don't pay so well; it costs much more in this latter day to sell ten cents' worth of medicine for one dollar and fifty cents. The public is becoming educated. And yet has that same public—a long-suffering public—any idea of the number of millions of dollars it spends each year in the purchase of purging, diuretic, stimulant, and tonic drugs? Most of this enormous life-shortening expenditure is made by that portion of the public whose pursuits in life are of a sedentary nature; and the ills of the flesh, from which they seek to escape by this oceanic purchase and swallowing of drugs, are almost entirely caused by the neglect of taking the amount of exercise that nature has decreed to be absolutely necessary to the normal healthful estate.

Now, very frequently, the taking of medicine is beneficial, it being a lesser evil than the disorder it is given to correct. Nevertheless, the taking of any medicine is an evil that no one should inflict upon himself if not absolutely necessary. This is particularly true of the tremendous array of quack medicines that seriously injure ten or more persons for every one that receives benefit from taking them. Any person who habitually neglects the laws of health, and depends upon drugs to evade the sure results of unhygienic living, is simply taking a short road to that country from which no traveller returns. Life is shortened in all the immense class of habitual drug-dosers.

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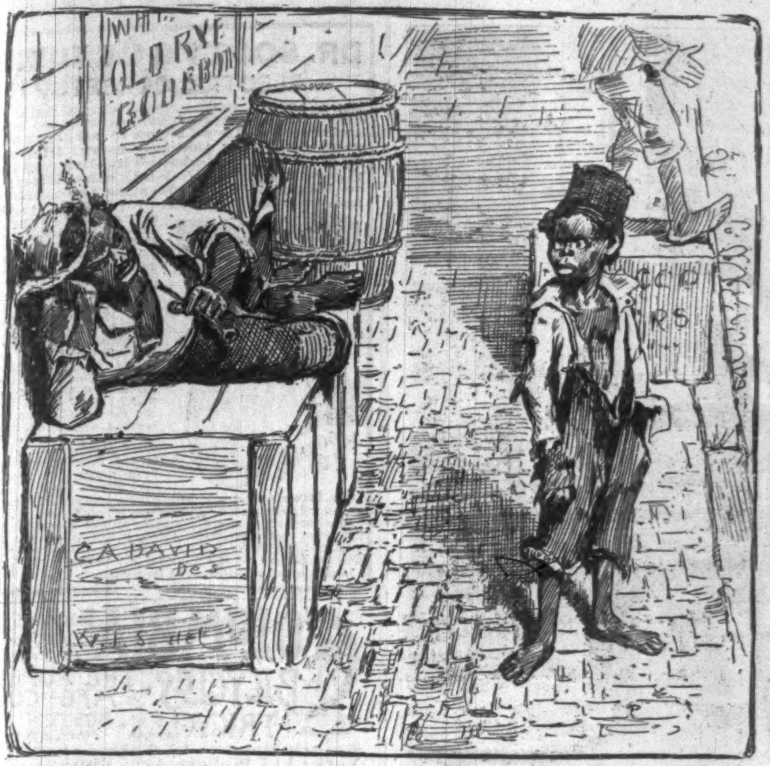

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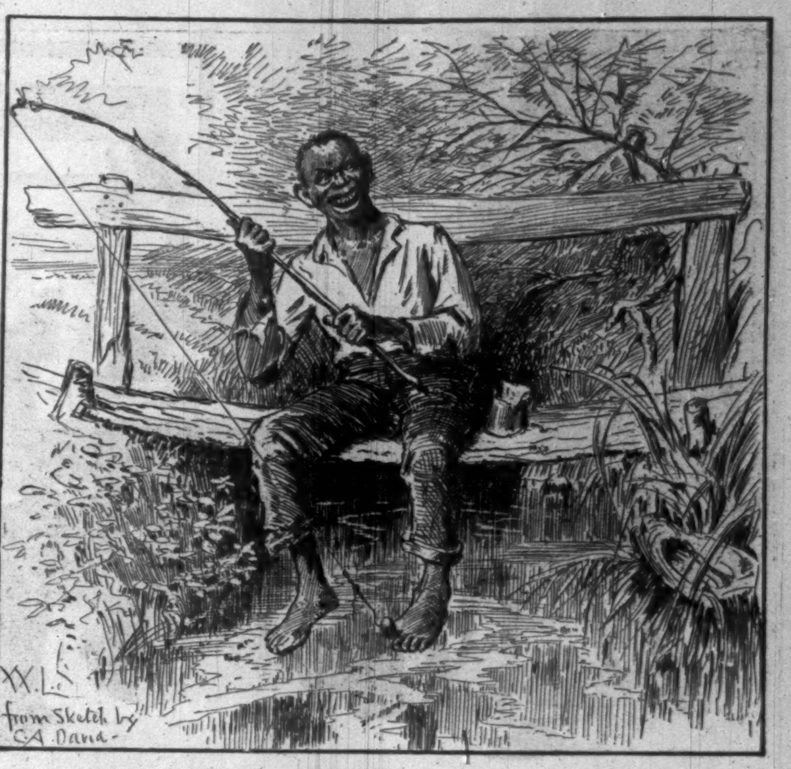

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